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THE GOVERNMENT POSITION.

THE audacity which is one of Mr. GLADSTONE's most prominent, and certainly not one of his least respectable, characteristics has seldom been more strongly shown than in the selection of the successors to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. TREVELYAN. We have found ourselves, and no doubt shall find ourselves, in frequent, if not constant, opposition to the late President of the Local Government Board; but the most industrious investigator will find few instances in which either his ability or his influence has been denied here. His successor is a person whom his friends, despairing of finding any other good to say, extol as a man of high and noble character. The height and nobility of Mr. STANSFIELD's character have been exemplified by successive devotion to two remarkable ideals. MAZZINI did his green, unknowing youth engage; he was undoubtedly a sincere believer in the Italian conspirator. In his riper age free-trade in street-walking has taken the place of free-trade in anarchy. Mr. STANSFIELD is, no doubt, equal to the discharge of the duties of a not unimportant administrative office; but even his friends have never claimed for him any particular ability, and the mere mention of the word statesmanship in connexion with his name would raise a smile. Mr. TREVELYAN's strength and his weakness are, again, pretty well known; his successor is a young Scotch peer of some personal popularity, who has distinguished himself both before and since his accession to the title by a very amiable and undiscriminating readiness to take in hand any political question, provided that it be mischievous and provided that it be, if only with a section, popular. Yet it must be admitted that there is some propriety in Lord DALHOUSIE's promotion. It is well that there should be some one in the Ministry besides Mr. MORLEY whose conversion to Home Rule is older than the present year.

The contrast was too striking not to produce an effect, and an effect—whether for lasting good or not, it would be rash to say—has certainly been produced. Although the resignations of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. TREVELYAN had been certain for weeks, and although the most off-hand consideration showed that Mr. GLADSTONE could appoint no man of equal ability in their places, for the simple reason that no man of equal ability was left to him to appoint, the accomplished fact appears to have as usual staggered the general, who had been comparatively unaffected by the foregone conclusion. In some respects the result has been very striking. The greatest danger in regard to Home Rule has always been found in the probable attitude of the Scotch members. There is no love lost between Scotland and Ireland, and Scotchmen are, as a rule, far too shrewd not to perceive the innumerable dangers of having at their own doors a great island under the direction of men like the murderers of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH. But the curious and only partly comprehensible sentimentality of Scottish national sentiment, the habit of blindly following Mr. GLADSTONE, and the much older and more ingrained habit (which was and is at the bottom alike of Scotch Jacobitism in the last century and Scotch Liberalism in this) of thinking *not ditto* to England, have been dangerous elements in the problem. Since the end of last week a most remarkable change has taken place in the utterances of Scotch opinion on the subject; and it would be paying a very bad compliment to Scottish intelligence (a compliment not to be paid till it is fully deserved) to set this down merely to pique at

Lord DALHOUSIE's exclusion from the Cabinet. Newspapers which have for weeks steadily advocated "waiting" for Mr. GLADSTONE's plan, and steadily asserted that whatever Mr. GLADSTONE does is likely to be right, have turned round with an almost bewildering suddenness, and declared that, if Mr. GLADSTONE's plan is anything like this or that, it will not and cannot do. The faithful *Scotsman* itself has declared (under what impulsion persons not given to gossip can only guess) that Mr. GLADSTONE's adherence to this and to that would cost him, not merely his house in Downing Street, but his seat in Midlothian. Now the this and the that in question—the control by the Invincibles of revenue, police, and so forth—are known to be the points on which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. TREVELYAN have seceded, and on which, if Mr. GLADSTONE were to alter his mind, the alteration would render the concession of Home Rule at best a mere sop, at worst a bait to be indignantly rejected in the eyes of the Phoenix Park party. Yet another straw (though straw is perhaps hardly a sufficiently significant word) may be found in the election address of Mr. CAINE, the Government candidate for Barrow. Mr. CAINE is a person of the STANSFIELD type, and we do not profess any particular respect for his judgment; but he is a very fair specimen of the modern faddist Radical, and we never heard that he was a dishonest man. Yet, unless Mr. CAINE has been guilty of the grossest equivocation in his addresses to the electors, it will be perfectly impossible for him to support any measure which endows Ireland with the kind of independence which alone Irishmen value.

Against all these threatening signs the faithful partisans of Mr. GLADSTONE have nothing to say except that there is no alternative to Home Rule. They wring their hands and cry like certain famous persons a good many years ago, "Que faire? ils ont quatre-vingt-six députés!" That a House of six hundred and seventy members ought to allow itself to be bullied by eighty-six, that a population of thirty-six millions ought to allow itself to be bullied by five millions, or, to speak strictly, by about three—this is the sole, the unanswerable, the manly and intelligent argument of Mr. GLADSTONE's supporters. For they are not themselves agreed about the "justice" plea, and that plea itself is absolutely valueless in the sight of any rational creature. If a seventh of the population of the United Kingdom may claim the portion of goods that falleth to them and a good deal more, so may a seventieth or a seven-hundredth or a seven-millionth. But the What is your alternative? demand is, of course, in its way an argument. It is the usual argument of cowardice, the usual argument of imbecility, the usual argument of political selfishness and short sight. To send Ireland about its business can be done by pen and paper and a vote or two; to bring it into submission and honest ways by the same treatment that is accorded to malefactors in other parts of the Empire can only be done by quite different methods and in a far longer time. Therefore let the easier plan be tried. It is an example of *reductio ad absurdum* which, as far as we remember, has no parallel in history, that some at least of the advocates of Home Rule actually accept the consequence which is pressed on them—the probability, or at least possibility, of having to reconquer Ireland at the sword's point after a certain lapse of time. They are prepared, or say they are prepared, to do that. They are horrified at the moderate coercion of the law which is actually applied to every Englishman and Scotchman who breaks it. They look with perfect equanimity at the coercion of fire and steel.

The interest of the situation naturally does not decrease as the time of the solution approaches. It appears to be generally agreed that the policy of watering down is likely to be tried in the time of grace which yet remains to the Cabinet. One shift has already been found in the postponement of the production of the Land scheme in the hope that the Radicals who object to that will support Home Rule without it. Even the interpolation of the Budget between the two is probably not without a purpose in the designs of a politician who very rarely acts without one. It cannot be doubted that the most strenuous efforts will be used to adjust the scheme at such an angle as to catch every breeze that can possibly help it along. Yet, as far as can be seen, Mr. GLADSTONE is placed between three parties, concession to any one of which must inevitably lose him in part, or in whole, the support of the others. If he exchanges a Parliament for a National Council, he will stultify his entire scheme by offering the Parnellites what they will not accept. If he abandons purchase he will, it is said, transgress the limits to which even the well-tried and elastic patience of his submissive Cabinet extends. If he gives Home Rule, pure and simple, nearly all the Whigs and many of the Radicals will revolt. He has in his favour a docile remnant of a Cabinet, a very bad Parliament, and his own undoubted powers of political legerdemain. He has against him the whole common sense, manliness, and patriotism of the English and Scottish people.

LABOUR RIOTS.

EVEN if the rioting in Belgium stood by itself, it would still be an event of general importance. What are called labour riots—that is to say, the brutal outbreaks of men who will neither work themselves nor let others work—are possible at any moment in every European country. When they happen in one, all the others have good cause to watch what is going on, and try to find how these things happen and how they are to be avoided. The Belgian experiment is being conducted on a large scale. Rioting, arson, and robbery have now gone on for more than a week in the south and south-west of the little kingdom. Since the disturbances at Pittsburg in the United States there has been nothing of the kind of equal importance. Even they did not give such convincing proofs of the labour riots' tendency to grow into a Jacquerie. The Pittsburg rioters burnt down mills and stormed railway-stations, but they did not organize bands of robbers for the purposes of levying blackmail on the surrounding country. Their leaders were perhaps new to their work and comparatively timid, or they may only have remembered that they lived in a country where the revolver is in familiar use. The Belgian friends of the people have been bolder, and have been able to carry out their great scheme for benefiting the bees by destroying the honey much more thoroughly. Accordingly, the alliance between the cant of the so-called reformer and the very genuine violence of the rough has borne its natural fruits. A rich district has been given up to pillage. After destroying manufactories and burning shops in Charleroi, the rioters have spread themselves over the country-side, and have taken to the congenial work of brigandage. The real character of the movement is shown by the fact that the peasants have been robbed quite as thoroughly as the capitalists. In spite of all the misery it has caused, this is undoubtedly the most hopeful part of the whole disgraceful business. It has given an unanswerable proof that the Socialistic reformer is neither more nor less than a very dangerous and hateful brigand. The thing ought never to have needed proving, but there is no small number of good people (in the worst sense of the word) who think that an agitator who argues for robbing A because B, C, and D are not in easy circumstances is quite a different person from the more straightforward reformers who are said to have lately tried to carry out their ideas at the expense of Mr. VICTOR HOON. It has now been proved once more that the two, with certain superficial differences as to language and methods of procedure, are essentially similar. To burn down mills and throw some thousands of laborious men and women out of work is, so some folks tell us, a pardonably vehement way of arguing a political question. To bully a farmer into paying blackmail, if taking his goods without giving him security from future extortion can be called by that name, is flat robbery. Perhaps now that the Belgian rioters have done both, it will cease to be an open question whether the first leads to

the second, even for the most liberal and "disengaged" of observers.

The Belgian riots do not stand alone, and it is quite possible that they may lead to a European question of some magnitude. It is perhaps a mere coincidence that, while the Belgian Socialists are doing after their kind at home, the Knights of Labour in the United States are openly endeavouring to get up a repetition of the Pittsburg disturbances. The two may have no connexion, and be only accidentally simultaneous manifestations of a danger which threatens all the States of the world at this moment. In any case the United States may be trusted to settle their own troubles. The connexion between what is happening in France and Belgium is however patent. The Decazeville strike, which began with a particularly cowardly and brutal murder, has grown by the connivance and even, to some extent, the encouragement of the Government into an open Socialist revolt. The strikers demand that the mine should be taken from its owners and handed over to them. They have so far gained their point that the Chamber has voted for considering how far they may be satisfied. Meanwhile General BOULANGER has encouraged them to rely on the friendly neutrality of the troops by a silly piece of gush, which was perhaps only meant as a sop to the Radical section of the Chamber. The demands of the miners at Decazeville are supported by a very noisy Radical clique, which has also openly defended the Belgian rioters. The little quarrel between French and German journalists as to which of their respective countries has contributed the largest contingent of Socialists to the mobs at Charleroi and Liège has its ridiculous side, no doubt; but it might be the forerunner of a much more serious dispute between their Governments. Individual Germans may have been busy in stirring up confusion in Belgium; but there has been no open activity of that kind on the part of any body of journalists or politicians in the Empire. The reverse is the case in France. The Radical press has not only defended the Belgian rioters, but has openly attempted to help them. It has declared that it considers this outbreak as a part of the work it is engaged on itself. There may be, and probably is, much more bark than bite in all this loud threatening. M. GOULLÉ, of the *Cri du Peuple*, who was led by the ear from Brussels back to the frontier, is no doubt a harmless person individually. The Radical Deputies, MM. LAGUERRE and HENRI ROCHEFORT, who announced their intention to go and see this great popular movement for themselves, would not have proved more than the Belgian police could easily manage. M. HENRI ROCHEFORT in particular has always shown a remarkable regard for the wholeness of his skin; and when he said he was going, not as a Socialist, but as editor of the *Intransigeant*, he may be implicitly believed. Something to make an outcry about, and a text for abuse of his own Government, will always satisfy him thoroughly. If KING LEOPOLD and his advisers ask the French Government to protect them from the activity of M. ROCHEFORT and his colleagues in Paris, they will have at least a very fair case. It can hardly be doubted that they will have the support of a Power which must always be listened to with respect at Paris. Prince BISMARCK is not likely to tolerate the existence of Socialist anarchy on the borders of Germany. He will expect the Belgian Government to restore order rapidly, and if it proves unequal to the task, he may very probably feel called upon to give it effective help. The policy of the German Empire during the last fifteen years gives sufficient proof that there will be no undue interference with the independence of Belgium; but it is equally a proof that there will be no neglect of the interests of Germany. If the CHANCELLOR thinks, as he seems to think, that these are not compatible with the prolongation of the rioting just over the border, it will be quite in keeping with his usual thoroughgoing vigour if he strikes in. When that happens, if it does, it will not only be the Belgian Government which will have to deal with him. The French Republic must also have to answer for its share in producing the outbreak. A Government which will not or cannot restrain a part of its subjects from egging on revolts among its neighbours must be held responsible for their actions. The vigour shown in restoring order after the dangerous character of the riots had become obvious makes it probable that the Belgian Government will prove more than equal to the work on hand, which is likely to prove a good thing for more than that Government only.

The language of Herr von PUTTKAMMER in the Reichstag will be considered very violent, or even very absurd, by

those persons who can never grasp the principle that liberty means liberty to obey the law and behave decently. To them the Prussian Minister will appear to be talking mere nonsense when he defends the Socialist laws on the score of their humanity, and asks for power to protect the peaceful part of the community from the scoundrels who are not the less scoundrels because they are occasionally fanatics. While one more proof is being given of the very direct connexion between the Socialist propaganda and mob violence, Herr von PUTKAMMER will be listened to with considerable sympathy by the people who are likely to suffer at the hands of the enemy he wishes to suppress. It is only by sheer dishonesty of intellect that any one can be led to pretend that the German Government in fighting the Socialists is trying to suppress free discussion of political questions. The Socialists do not discuss, they threaten. Freedom of discussion is impossible except where both parties have agreed to trust to persuasion only. The believers in the Socialist creed have not only avowed their intention to use force in carrying out their ideas, but have seized every opportunity of keeping their word. They have chosen to become the persistent and ruthless enemies of the State and of civilization. They must, therefore, expect to be treated as enemies, and crushed by force. Where they are few, and cannot get beyond smashing shop windows during the absence of the police, it may be safe, though it is not self-evident that it is wise, to allow them a considerable length of rope. Where, however, they are numerous, and consist for the most part of men who have learnt the use of weapons in armies formed by the conscription, they must be treated as the very dangerous enemy they are.

TWO MEN OF LETTERS.

TWO names of considerable men of letters, with whom literature was nevertheless only a secondary occupation, have been removed within a few days from the scanty list of survivors of the outgoing generation. The business of both their lives lay apart from the works by which they were generally known. Archbishop TRENCH, in addition to the ordinary duties of a prelate of the highest rank, spent his later years in attempts to direct or moderate a great and unwelcome ecclesiastical revolution. The profound and almost melancholy earnestness of his character, as it was reflected in his demeanour, would not have suggested the undoubted fact that he was a successful and popular author. His theological treatises belong to his sphere of professional activity; but his secular writings had a wide circulation, and some of them are not yet obsolete. Sir HENRY TAYLOR achieved reputation as a poet in the earlier part of a long official career of nearly fifty years. The world in general may perhaps be still unaware that the author of *Philip Van Artevelde* had been a confidential adviser of more than twenty Colonial Secretaries of State. While he was still young in office and in years he took an important part in the legislative and administrative measures which followed the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indian Islands. He was allowed at an unusually early age to share in the discussion by his chiefs of important questions; and it was by his own choice that he remained during his long period of service in the unambitious position of an ordinary Civil servant.

The Autobiography of HENRY TAYLOR, which was published a year or two ago, has enabled all who take an interest in the subject to become familiar with his peculiar character and with his uneventful life. Solitary education in a remote country house, while it confirmed his thoughtful and studious disposition, left its traces in comparative narrowness of sympathies and limitation of interest in social and political life. During the earlier part of his London life he shut out wisdom at one of its main entrances by the perverse mistake of not reading the newspapers. Indifference to current history, and consequent ignorance of its daily lessons, disqualify the ablest men from forming valuable judgments on public affairs. The business of the Colonial Office, though it may have been for the most part special and peculiar, must often have required illustration from current events and from public opinion. The neglect of the most indispensable sources of information was a consequence of seclusion in his youth from the society of his equals; but fortunately his personal qualities introduced him before it was too late to the society of some of his ablest contemporaries. Having formed a close intimacy

with some of the VILLIERS family, he became acquainted with MILL and AUSTIN, with JOHN ROMILLY, with BRAUER, afterwards the first Lord BELPER, and with many of their well-known friends. It was a proof of intellectual independence that, while he profited by the society of the rising Utilitarian leaders, he never became a convert to their opinions. He took no part in politics, and he felt little interest in abstract discussion. The quiet Conservatism to which he was naturally inclined was only modified in his later years by personal admiration of Mr. GLADSTONE.

A wider range of society was placed within Mr. TAYLOR's reach when he became suddenly famous by the publication of *Philip Van Artevelde*. The felicitous choice of a subject, and probably the study of BARANTE, from whom he derived his materials, were suggested by his early friend SOUTHEY. The vehicle of dramatic dialogue was under a happy inspiration selected by himself. The elevation and the lucid clearness of the style, the picturesque attractiveness of the story, and the gnomic wisdom of many striking aphorisms, fully explain the lasting success of a poem which is still popular after the lapse of fifty years. The dramas which followed have not inconsiderable merit; but Anglo-Saxon history is fatally prosaic, even in the fortunes of *Edwin the Fair*; and in the *Virgin Widow* TAYLOR attempted a style of comedy for which he had not the requisite elasticity or ease. He succeeded better when he returned to BARANTE in *St. Clement's Eve*; but when all his other dramas and his prose compositions have been forgotten, *Philip Van Artevelde* will survive. Since the time of SCOTT there has been no historic fiction in prose or verse of equal interest. HENRY TAYLOR had not the supreme gift of creating living characters; but he succeeded to a great extent in the difficult task, best accomplished in *Ivanhoe*, of reproducing in a credible form the life of a past and half-imaginary age. He may well be excused for believing that *Philip Van Artevelde* was suited for the stage, as the illusion was shared and originated by MACREADY. The literary reputation, which proved to be as durable as it was rapid in its commencement, brought with it permanent social advantage; but Mr. TAYLOR was contented with the experience of one or two seasons of fashionable popularity. He had acquired an enviable position, he had secured many valuable friendships and a large share of general esteem, and when in due course he also became the head of a happy home, he, like his own hero, was satisfied "to bear a temperate will and keep the peace." In 1847 he declined for some unknown reason Lord GREY's offer of the permanent Under-Secretaryship of the Colonies. At a later time he accepted the modest dignity of a K.C.M.G., and he was to have been made a life peer, if Lord JOHN RUSSELL's measure for the institution of that dignity had been passed. After his retirement he enjoyed all the good things which should accompany old age, including honour, love, obedience, and troops of friends. In eighty-five years he had probably committed as few errors as might be compatible with human weakness, and he had through life retained his self-respect and the esteem of all around him.

Archbishop TRENCH, born seven years after Sir HENRY TAYLOR, is not less fully entitled to the honour which attends a strenuous, useful, and blameless life. He also was a genuine poet, though not of the highest rank, and his mind was saturated with literary cultivation. His books on words and on proverbs are not only original and instructive, but they have the eminent merit of being thoroughly readable. Dr. TRENCH's appearance and manner probably seemed to strangers as if they might be characteristic of an enthusiast or an eccentric man of genius. In fact, both as a writer and as a member of society he was remarkable for tact and for a just appreciation of the tastes and feelings which it was proper or necessary to consult. Many of those who, with more or less reason, believed themselves to be popular authors would have been surprised to learn the pecuniary value of Dr. TRENCH's copyrights. His grave temperament was not inconsistent with a wholesome interest in ordinary affairs and with ready participation in social intercourse. He had been fortunate both in opportunities of introduction to general society and in the youthful intimacies which often form the most effective part of education. He belonged to the body which was known at Cambridge as "the Apostles," and from accidental circumstances his association with them extended over more than one academic generation. He lived on intimate terms with CHARLES and ARTHUR BULLER, with MAURICE, STERLING, and J. M. KEMBLE; and a year or two afterwards he added to his list of friends TENNYSON, MILNE,

SPEDDING, MERIVALE, now Dean of Ely, BLAKESLEY, lately Dean of Lincoln, THOMPSON, Master of Trinity, and others whose names have since become widely known. The constancy of TRENCH's nature was shown by his steady cultivation through life of the friendships of his youth. A short and curious episode intervened between the end of his college career and his entrance into orders. He joined STERLING, KEMBLE, and one or two of his other friends in a wild project for the liberation of Spain from the despotism of FERDINAND VII. by means of a military insurrection in which the young English adventurers were to serve under a patriotic and mutinous general. The scheme fortunately collapsed, but one of the sympathizers lost his life, and others were exposed to serious danger. The form which juvenile enthusiasm then assumed forms a curious illustration of an almost forgotten historical period. In graver years the future ARCHBISHOP never deviated into political eccentricity, though he always felt a legitimate interest in public affairs. His Spanish enterprise perhaps accounted for his continued study of a language and literature which is rarely cultivated in England. Thirty years have passed since the publication of his Essays on the Life and Genius of CALDERON, with translations in verse of passages from two of his dramas. In the biography he says that "there are only three great original dramatic literatures in the world, and this, in which CALDERON is the central figure, is one. Greece, 'England, and Spain are the only three countries, in the Western world at least, which boast an independent drama." The little book on CALDERON was, like all TRENCH's works, attractive and popular; but, except the admirable translations from the same poet by EDWARD FITZGERALD, scarcely any other attempt has, in recent times, been made to introduce English students to a knowledge of the Spanish drama.

TRENCH's original poems have perhaps still admirers, though they are scarcely likely to survive. In his youth it was, and perhaps it may still be, the custom of clever aspirants to try their strength in verse before they settle down to the business of their lives. Their sympathies and sentiments seem to them to require a free expression which might sound egotistical in prose; and many of them are unconscious of the imitative element which is introduced into their compositions through their admiration of greater poets. TRENCH's poems are not deficient in originality, and some of them are carefully and successfully polished; but they are in the nature of intellectual gymnastics and of proclivities to the main occupations of life. Practice in verse tended in the case of the ARCHBISHOP and of many others to the improvement of prose style; but he probably in later years attached but moderate value to his poems. In verse or in prose he never wrote anything foolish or insincere. His literary career, like his active life, may be recalled with unqualified satisfaction by those who cherish his memory.

NO TRYSTING TREE.

THERE is a felt want of that ancient and picturesque object, the old English Trysting Tree. A swain, who writes appropriately enough from Lily Oak, has been bemoaning this moral and social deficiency (also appropriately) in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He says that good young men and women cannot meet and make acquaintance as of old in Birmingham and elsewhere. Hence comes all manner of licentiousness. The urban maid no longer steals through the shade, her suitor's vows to hear, or, if she does, the shade is only too prominent an element in the transaction. "For my own part," writes the shepherd of Lily Oak, "though well able and willing to keep a wife, having a fair average in 'come, I have never once had the opportunity to be on friendly terms with any young lady whatever." Many persons are willing to "keep a wife, having a fair average in 'come"; but probably the swain means that participial clause to apply to himself. He is singularly unfortunate, we venture to think. Does he never go to chapel? Does he never walk home with AMARYLLIS and carry the lady's hymn-book? Does the father of the fair never ask him to stay to supper? Has he no friends with sisters? Does he neglect the advice of HORACE, and shun the dance? This luckless swain is in the position of novelists, who always need the most dire and unusual accidents to bring their young people together. A violent bull, a sprained ankle, a railway accident, an assault by a ruffian and rescue to match are all invoked by authors of romance when they would introduce the hero to the heroine. Has LUBIN never saved a young lady from a

bull, or carried for a few miles the fairy burden of her form after she had sprained her ankle? Has he never even lent her his umbrella during a thunder-shower? Or has he often done all of these things, but neglected the chance to cultivate friendly, or even (as MILTON says) "amatorious" relations after these feats of courage, strength, and self-denial? One cannot but fear that the swain is too modest rather than believe that opportunities are too rare in the primitive hamlet of Lily Oak, Birmingham. "The lower classes," he declares, "often make acquaintances without any introductions." Yes, "the poor, in a loom, 'is bad,' and the lower classes still rush into each other's embraces, on Bank Holidays, when 'each shepherd clasps with unconcealed delight,' as in the experience of Captain Cook, of His Majesty's ship *Endeavour*. But here the injured one thinks "a certain amount of effrontery and brazeness is necessary." Perhaps he has too little of these qualities in his composition. If he would only become a Sunday-school teacher, he might have "an opportunity to be on friendly terms" with a great many young ladies, under the auspices of some religious body. But he must not think, in his inexperience, that all the trouble is over when he has once begun a flirtation. The Shepherd in THEOCRITUS knew Love, and found him to be a dweller in the rocks. Nothing is more distressing, sometimes, than to be on friendly terms with a young lady. It almost invariably occurs that either the nymph or the shepherd passes beyond the mere boundaries of friendship, while the other is very content where he or she is. Hence come disappointments and broken hearts, and all the woes whereof the dweller in Lily Oak is still happily ignorant. His experience of young ladies, though not intimate, has shown him that they are always Another's, or would be no man's delight. As he puts it, with indications of jealousy which somewhat invalidate his report, "Those I have met have always been so desperately fond of some 'masher,' 'who, of course, tells them, as he no doubt does many others, 'that he will marry them after a few years, or else have become so thoroughly imbued with the idea that it is de-basing to receive the attentions of any man, that any intimacy was hopeless.'" Hence we learn that lads and lasses do meet at Lily Oak, Birmingham, after all. The sad shepherd's grievance really is that half the fair have set their hearts on the brave, and half announce their desire to be holy maidens who feed the eternal flame on the hearth of VESTA. It is a dreadful picture of Birmingham life, and shows that social purity is carried to extreme lengths on one side, while on the other woman pursues, with rapacity, her natural spoil.

C'est Vénus tout entière à sa proie attachée!

The Birmingham masher must be very fascinating, and our author must occasionally have been tempted to wear wondrous collars and a resplendent hat himself.

He thinks that parents should look into this deplorable state of affairs. They should encourage their children to bring home "any friend they are fond of," but turn him out promptly if nothing comes of it, "not allow any intimacy to continue for more than a very short time without some definite decision being arrived at." Parents may not find it easy to carry this stringent measure of Home Rule; and, if they did, where is Friendship between man and woman? At present the contemplative rustic thinks that social arrangements are hard on "other men who, though willing to make an honest husband (*sic*), have no chance to get a hearing whatever."

Mr. PHIPSON's language appears to imply that he contemplates Tibetan polyandry, whatever, as he says. His is a very sad cry from the middle classes. Birmingham must discover some "recognized means for bringing them together." Perhaps the Caucus might do something, whatever.

RADICAL FEDERATIONS.

THE institution of a new Radical Federation in London, though it is not an interesting event, suggests a certain curiosity as to the object of an incessant multiplication of democratic clubs and Caucuses. Most of them seem to consist either of the same members or of undistinguishable elements. Their opinions are the crudest embodiment of ignorant prejudice, and they are always ready to accept Mr. GLADSTONE's latest doctrines, reserving to themselves the privilege of propounding in case of need still more extravagant innovations. It is intelligible that a number of extreme politicians should wish to ascertain their own

strength by some kind of organization; but when they have formed themselves into one or more Jacobinical clubs, a rearrangement of their lists by federation or other methods seems to be superfluous. The explanation of their restlessness is perhaps to be found in the petty ambition of subordinate agitators who hope to set up for themselves. The multiplication of clubs provides nominal offices for presidents and vice-presidents and committee-men, with the occasional result of raising obscure aspirants into local notoriety. The latest federation of London Radicals has chosen as its chief a well-known demagogue, who may perhaps already have discovered that he has too many competitors to hope for Parliamentary success. His associates and followers have nothing to do in their federal capacity except to repeat the mischievous nonsense which they have been accustomed to utter in their little parochial Caucuses. The most noticeable article in their political creed is their unqualified approval of Home Rule. Their total indifference to the welfare of the kingdom is, indeed, not surprising; but the particular form of their hostility to national rights and interests is characteristic of the present political crisis.

A year or even six months ago, no agitator would have ventured to profess the opinions which have been suddenly and unanimously adopted by the extreme democratic faction. Mr. GLADSTONE is exclusively responsible for the disastrous change of an unpopular theory into an open political question. The Radical Federation and similar bodies scarcely profess to have been converted by argument, for if they thought it necessary to defend their new convictions they must rely on the authority of one unprincipled Minister. As far as they are not merely pledged adherents of Mr. GLADSTONE, their acceptance of Home Rule is only explained by their belief that it is a revolutionary measure, and by their knowledge that it is opposed by all the upper and middle classes in England and Ireland. The Federation probably disapproves of that part of Mr. GLADSTONE's original scheme which purported to protect the landowners from lawless spoliation. The same body is also probably indifferent to the pretended securities which are to prevent the National League, when it has a Parliament of its own, from using increased powers for the same purposes which it has consistently pursued. Sham guarantees may be useful in the House of Commons, not perhaps to delude members on either side, but as excuses for voting against all but universal convictions. The lower class of clubs require no such hypocritical contrivance. The inevitable attempt of an Irish Parliament to assert its complete independence will be regarded by London agitators with complacent sympathy. They know too little of politics or of history to understand the loss which all classes, and perhaps chiefly their own, will suffer through the hostility of a separate and unfriendly State.

There is some reason to hope that the influence of political clubs is rather declining than growing. At the general election several candidates, including so considerable a politician as Mr. GOSCHEN, successfully defied the authority of the local Caucus; and in some instances it has been shown that the Committees which profess to represent the Liberal party have been chosen by absurdly small minorities. Nevertheless the organization is still formidable in many other large towns as well as in Birmingham. In London the system has never taken root, though many efforts have been made to introduce it. The noisy and artificial agitation for a Central Municipality, though it was exclusively political, was conducted rather by self-elected clubs than by nominally representative bodies. It is perhaps found by experience that it is unsafe to rely on the nominally Liberal voters, who are at Birmingham and in some other towns allowed an ostensible share in the primary elections. It is a simpler plan to assume that the more violent agitators virtually represent the people, so that it is unnecessary to go through the form of a deliberate choice. It is a matter for regret rather than for surprise that the members who were returned as representatives of labour almost always support revolutionary measures. Some of them belong to the London Radical Federation, and their names appear on Bills which have apparently no object except to vex and injure owners of property. It is not known that any one of their members either supported Home Rule last year or opposes it now. Before the last reduction of the franchise many sanguine persons believed that members chosen from the working class would distribute themselves, if not among different parties, yet as more or less pronounced Liberals. At present they are all extreme politicians, and they seem inclined to form themselves into a separate group.

The London Federation has up to the present time done nothing so discreditable as a body which calls itself the Manchester Liberal Club. The tenets of this Association probably consist in a resolute determination to follow Mr. GLADSTONE either into Home Rule or into any still more criminal enterprise. Now that his immediate policy is disclosed, the Manchester Liberal Club will probably support it blindly. While it was still a mystery, the members thought fit to seek an interpretation from the friend and correspondent of PATRICK FORD, the ex-convict DAVITT. There appear to be some Englishmen who consider that any person has a claim on their confidence who is the professed enemy of their country. It is not necessary to have any special knowledge of the Manchester Liberal Club and its history to feel assured that, even as late as the time when Mr. GLADSTONE was canvassing Midlothian, its members would have repudiated and resented the imputation of complicity with Mr. PARNELL. Their leader then assured his party that the first of political duties was to return a Liberal majority so large as to outnumber both the Conservative Opposition and the eighty-five Irish Nationalists. If his wish had been gratified, he would have returned to office without incurring obligation to the faction which proposes to dissolve the United Kingdom. In that case his humble followers in Liberal clubs would have denounced the pretended negotiations between the Conservative leaders and Mr. PARNELL. If the Manchester Club really represents the Liberal party in the city and district, the considerable success of the Conservative candidates at the last election is satisfactorily explained. There has always since the dissolution of the Corn Law League been a strong opposition in Lancashire to a party which was thought to aim at the establishment of a political monopoly; but, except on one occasion, the hold of the Liberals on the central constituency of Manchester had never been shaken. The division of the city under the provisions of the Franchise Act seems to have facilitated a change of opinion; and, when the next contest occurs, it will perhaps be found that the friends and admirers of DAVITT have lost more than they have gained by their unscrupulous proceedings. Every new political association which is founded in London or in the country endeavours to outbid its competitors by extravagant professions of Radical doctrines. It is not unreasonable to infer that the Liberals who not long since formed the bulk of the party are rapidly detaching themselves from an alliance which has become wholly uncongenial.

The new London Federation of Radical Clubs seems to be really as well as ostensibly subject to the influence of the working class. The members are probably eager to destroy all the other institutions of the country, but the Club is not united on female suffrage. Mrs. ASHTON DILKE, who was apparently the first speaker at the meeting, took occasion to expound the grievances and demands of her sex; but the Chairman peremptorily determined that, for reasons which were not explained, discussion of the rights of women could not be allowed. If, as one speaker politely declared, all women were like Mrs. ASHTON DILKE, they might perhaps be deemed worthy of enfranchisement; but at present they were suspected of reactionary tendencies. As lady agitators have seldom shrunk from the most outrageous political doctrines, it may be conjectured that the speakers had other reasons for disapproving of their claims. The most reasonable, or most plausible, of their demands is that they should themselves have an absolute right to engage in any kind of labour. Their masculine allies dislike every kind of competition for the same reasons which cause Californian artisans to protest against the intrusion of the Chinese. A benevolent solicitude for the emancipation of women from the ruder kinds of labour is not unconnected with the fact that, as the wages of women are generally low, they might undersell male competition. In some mining districts in the north of England the colliers have lately been shocked at the employment of women in the removal of refuse from the ground adjacent to the pits. The law already prohibits with good reason the participation of women in underground work; but they have no need of artificial protection in the open air. If there were no economic question involved in the controversy or the admission of women to the franchise, Radical clubs would probably support any measure which could be devised for the further deterioration of the constituent body; yet it seems a superfluous task to provide additional facilities for the overthrow of existing institutions. The list of notices of motion shows that the new members of the House of Commons

need no external stimulus to destruction. Scarcely a night passes in which the same wisdom which procured the temporary disestablishment of the London Parks is not illustrated by some equally reckless proposal. The promoters of subversive clubs and federations are perhaps mainly bent on providing occasions of notoriety for those who have failed to connect their names with foolish Bills and resolutions.

MORE ABOUT THE OREGON.

THE letter which Sir NATHANIEL BARNABY has written to the *Times* on the behaviour of the *Oregon* after collision, and on one or two kindred subjects, is more valuable for its matter than for its form. There is information in it, and that is always worth having; but why it is given, and what Sir NATHANIEL BARNABY is driving at, are things not obvious at a first reading. As he quotes "one of the naval journals," and uses the quotation as a text, it is to be supposed that he has written to confute this paper. If so, his object would seem to be to convince the public that it has been led to expect a great deal too much from armed merchant-ships. The contributor to the naval journal, as far as can be judged by Sir N. BARNABY's quotations, had taken it for granted that everybody believed the steamers built according to the requirements of the Admiralty, and fitted for use in time of war, to be constructed so that their centre was protected by coal-bunkers, to be proof against anything but a crushing collision with a vessel of their own class, and to be in little danger as long as their bulkheads were closed. It is hard to say what some people may not have believed, but there were always a good few who certainly did not think so nobly as this about the vessels inspected by the Admiralty. The water-tight bulkhead, for one thing, has still got to make its proofs, for up to the present it has been most persistently unlucky. Sir N. BARNABY, acting on the supposition that the naval paper was giving expression to the views of a good many people, has shown that they were much exaggerated. The Admiralty, he points out, did not expect the qualified merchant-ships to have their coal-bunkers so arranged as to give protection to their engines, and for a very sufficient reason. These vessels are built so narrow and carry such large engines that they cannot spare space for protective bunkers. Neither are they expected to keep afloat as long as their bulkheads hold good, and that also for a sufficient reason. If two compartments or more are burst in, the vessel must sink, whether the bulkheads remain unbroken or not. All the armed merchant-ships are expected to be able to do is to keep afloat in fine weather "with any one compartment in free communication with the sea."

This amounts certainly to a good deal less than the naval journal thinks possible and attainable; but perhaps it is as much as reasonable people expected of the armed merchant-ships. If these vessels can steam quick and far, and do a little light fighting on occasion, it is as much as can be hoped for from them. If it was Sir N. BARNABY's intention to argue that the behaviour of the *Oregon* showed she might be expected to do this much, he has sufficiently proved his point. She kept afloat for several hours with a great hole in her side, which was better than going instantly to the bottom as the *Corinth* did. He has satisfactorily answered the critics who pronounce the armed steamers to be of no use because they do not come up to a fantastic standard invented by themselves. It is quite unnecessary to follow the late Chief Constructor for the Navy when he reopens the question whether, the armed merchant-ships being what they are, the Admiralty spent its money wisely over them during the war-scare or not. When he leaves the ships, however, and touches on a matter which has no direct connexion with the value of the merchant steamers as fighting vessels, Sir N. BARNABY has something to say which is entitled to careful consideration. He has to point out that, be the ships what they may, the danger of finding ourselves in want of men is unpleasantly great. How far he is accurate in saying that of the 200,000 men employed in the merchant service only 40,000 are able-bodied seamen, and not half of them are Englishmen, is doubtful. He apparently does not count the fishermen as part of our available naval strength. But, even though Sir N. BARNABY is understating the number of our seamen, there is no doubt that they are diminishing. The influence of steamers is to make seamanship less and less necessary.

Even the largest of these vessels carry fewer seamen than would have been thought necessary on board a thousand-ton sailing-ship fifty years ago. It has been argued, in answer to complaints that ocean steamers do not carry boats enough, that they usually have more than their men can manage. They are just as short of men to handle the boats as of boats to carry the passengers. Here is a matter which requires looking into quite as much as the seaworthiness or fighting capacity of ships, and which is unfortunately much more difficult to pull straight. Steamers cannot be asked to employ more men than they need. Sir N. BARNABY complains that ocean packets do not employ so many Naval Reserve men as they should. He does not explain why they refuse, and he might find it difficult to do so. The explanation of the absence of men of this class from ocean steamers is, doubtless, that there are not enough of them to employ. Sir N. BARNABY's proposal to give the steamship owners a capitation grant for all the Reserve men they engage amounts practically to a suggestion that the pay of the men should be raised. He is probably quite in the right; for, unhappily for Mr. GLADSTONE's peace of mind and his temper, all practical suggestions for the good of the services take, in the long run, the form of increase of pay.

AMERICAN DELICACY.

IN a little story, by an American author named "J. S. of Dale," we are introduced to a married lady who said, on a festive occasion, that something "gave her a cold shudder down her back." On this, one of the men present looked inquiringly at the lady's back, and an unwedded maid who chanced to be there "thought she was coarse." This remarkable passage we studied, in a spirit of scientific curiosity, for some minutes before we discovered why the gentleman was amazed, and why the girl was horrified. Then it all became clear. The married woman had spoken of her back.

This was, to be sure, monstrous indecency. The American novelist has more than once reproved the conduct of English ladies, in his fictions, who alluded quite openly to the fact that they were vertebrate animals. J. S. of Dale, the author of the narrative in which the plain-spoken married woman appears, informs his readers that "coarseness is the mode just now." We cannot be sorry to hear it, because it will no longer be necessary for the American bookseller to expurgate English books. This will save him trouble. Where an English girl, in a romance, boldly says that some one has broken his leg, or ricked his back, or fractured his collar-bone, these daring terms will be allowed to stand in all their native grossness. Moreover, there will be less risk of hurting the most respectable feelings in general society, if coarseness is really to be the mode in Philadelphia. Not long ago a British tourist, in a room full of our kinsfolk beyond the sea (so runs the legend), found that he had done something very terrible. There was a hush after he had spoken; the women looked alarmed, the men angry. Presently a husband and a father took the poor foreigner into a corner, and uttered the most awful threats of what he would do in the way of revenge for outraged modesty. "Why, what's the matter; what have I done?" exclaimed the pavid stranger. "Why, sir, you were speaking about a salmon you caught, and you mentioned its white belly!" It would have been well for this most unhappy voyager had coarseness been more the mode in the society where he found himself. The feelings of the clergy who read the lessons in church—for example, the passage about JONAH within the whale—must be truly distressing. A revised version (unless coarseness becomes the mode with extreme alacrity) must be needed as a measure of relief.

Coarseness, however, is not to have it all its own way at Washington. Miss CLEVELAND, a lady of literary attainments, has actually been censured there for "encouraging immodest dressing" at the White House. Miss CLEVELAND has written a note on this delicate topic to an inquiring lady. She has received anonymous letters from anonymous moralists, enclosing scraps from moral American newspapers, on her "immodest dress, and its influence in encouraging shocking scarcity in waists and sleeves." "A shocking scarcity in waists" (what a pleasant refrain for a poem!) carries little meaning to English ears. It seems to mean that waists are absent—in fact, that tight-lacing is discouraged—which can hardly be a bad thing. Lady critics reproach the Venus of Milo with "a shocking scarcity of waist," because she is not made like

an hour-glass. But it appears that "waist," in America, means that part of a woman's dress which is called a "body" in England. But Miss CLEVELAND does not, herself, approve of a coarseness which not only mentions the human back, but displays more or less of that feature. She has "made a silent protest" by having her own dress cut in a style which we are sure she is right in thinking consistent with modesty. "Between the neck and the bust there is always a line to be drawn," and Miss CLEVELAND thinks that this line should be drawn by dressmakers. Besides, America is a free country. There is no licentious queen there who passionately clamours for woman's "appearance in low corsage." And "any American woman can wear the waist of her dress up to the lobes of her ears if she likes." Let her wear it, in future, over the crown of her head; let coarseness cease to be the mode, and let American woman, like the Queen of Spain in the old Court etiquette, be supposed to have no legs. "Aveis de saber que las reinas de España no tienen piernas."

CHARITY AND ADVERTISEMENT.

BENEVOLENCE is usually the more profitable the less it is ostentatious. But if ever there was a case for unusual caution in the avoidance of unnecessary publicity the distress of the past winter and the present spring furnishes one. For while we know on the best authority that the actual rate of pauperism has been very slightly increased, it is equally certain that industrious artisans, possessing a high degree of skill and ordinarily earning an ample livelihood, have been severely pinched and constrained. If the relief of this most unobtrusive and unmerited discomfort had been conducted by people of common sense, it might have been materially alleviated, if not entirely removed, by a very moderate expenditure of money. The collection and the distribution of it would have been strictly local. It would have been administered by those qualified to judge of the wants and deserts of their neighbours. Care would have been taken to interfere as little as possible with the hospitals and other charitable agencies which require constant support from the public. The utmost pains would have been employed to prevent the influx of strangers by the bait of a large central fund. We need scarcely point out how wantonly all these considerations of prudence have been set at nought. The establishment of a Mansion House Fund brought hundreds of people into London to enhance the poverty of the capital. The money was scattered broadcast in a manner which has driven the real philanthropists, who work among the poor when it does not happen to be fashionable as well as when it does, almost to despair. Some of these good men and women, in the exaggeration of natural disappointment, have not hesitated to say that the Mansion House Fund would have done as much good, and less harm, if it had been thrown into the sea. Much of it has, no doubt, gone to professional beggars, to men who left off working on purpose to claim it, to impostors of every degree. It is to be feared that the honourable class which suffers in silence has profited little or nothing by the Fund. Meanwhile, the hospitals have been starved, subscriptions to more common instruments of beneficence have fallen off, and the construction of the People's Palace by the BEAUMONT Trust has been necessarily suspended for want of means, though it now bids fair to be revived by the promise of the PRINCE OF WALES to lay the foundation-stone. Now another Mansion House Fund is being raised, and the LORD MAYOR described in Wednesday's papers how the work was to be done. A thousand ladies were this day, "at the principal street corners of the metropolis, to invite the subscriptions of all classes." This operation was to be carried out "through the organization and by the courtesy of the Hospital Saturday Fund." This is very unselfish conduct on the part of those who are interested in hospitals, for these institutions are likely to be heavy losers. But it is open to most serious objections.

We say nothing about the dignity and propriety of the method adopted. It has already brought in large sums for the hospitals, and the ladies who take so much trouble out of pure kindness are much to be commended. But it is almost superfluous to argue that this advertisement of the fund must do infinite mischief to the cause which it is intended to serve. There is not a begging-letter writer or other swindler of a similar kind in England who will not hear of this new collection, and do his best to get something out of it. Most of them will probably succeed, and the demoralization of the country will continue. Almost

every one who knows anything of the way in which the poor live will be shocked at this fresh instance of ignorance on the part of those who control the charity of London. The self-respect of the distressed classes is grievously tried by these unfortunate blunders, of which the moral seems to be that everything may be had for the importunate asking. As an illustration of what we mean by the loss of self-respect we may refer to an application made this week in the Westminster Police Court. A number of labourers asked Mr. D'ENCOUPRE "whether they would be allowed to march through the streets as a demonstration of the unemployed." This is not like the English working-man, at all events in recent years. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN told the House of Commons the other day, as the result of his inquiries, that most of the distress existed among those who shrank in pride from applying for Poor-law relief. Yet surely it were better to accept a contribution from the rates, and even to enter the workhouse, than to parade the streets in procession for the purpose of asking alms. The recent and most deplorable scene at Her Majesty's is another illustration of the same kind. The ostentatious appeal for money and its indiscriminate distribution foster this want of spirit, and at the same time direct charity from the needy to the merely impudent. Mr. D'ENCOUPRE very sensibly told the applicants to him that "it would never do to allow mobs of men to perambulate the streets almost demanding relief." We are afraid that in producing such sad results the Mansion House Fund has borne a large part, and that the misery which really ought to be mitigated is not reached by this gigantic system of doles.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR AND LAND REFORM.

IT is always a pity when a Lord Chancellor talks nonsense, and in justice to a small class of eminent persons it must be admitted that it is very rarely the case. On Tuesday last the present keeper of the QUEEN'S conscience distinguished himself from his immediate predecessors for some considerable period by talking most undoubted nonsense—nonsense which can be proved to be such to the satisfaction of all persons who can understand an argument, whatever be their views on the particular question at issue. When the LORD CHANCELLOR began to talk about "the law of primogeniture," it was nearly certain that he was going to commit himself; for that phrase is very seldom used by any one who is not either in a fog himself or desirous to put other people in a fog. It has been pointed out over and over again that whatever literal and technical justification may be offered for the expression it is a bad one, because it is thoroughly misleading and question-begging, and substitutes the idea of some statutory compulsion for the true description of the law. That description is that when a man omits to signify that his intentions are different from usual practice, the law merely steps in and sees that the usual practice which he presumably wished to follow is followed.

However, the LORD CHANCELLOR's nonsense was quite independent of the propriety or impropriety of the phrase "law of primogeniture." He was so anxious to prove himself an ardent land reformer that he professed himself *plus royaliste que le roi*, a firmer believer in the injustice of the "law of primogeniture" than MR. ARTHUR ARNOLD himself. This too much zeal was followed by the due operation of Nemesis. The LORD CHANCELLOR, the head of the English legal profession, the embodied representative of judicial argument and appreciation of argument, said:—"Although it is true that people might avoid the injustice by making their wills, yet so long as human nature is what it is many people will not take that step, and so great injustice arises to their families." Good, now. The LORD CHANCELLOR holds that in the case of intestacy of a landed proprietor injustice is done. Now injustice must be done in one of two ways. Either the just intentions of the intestate owner must be frustrated or the unjust intentions of the intestate owner must be sanctioned. But, *ex hypothesi*, an intestate defunct, being of sane mind and knowing that his land would descend to his eldest son, would have made his will if he had meant it not so to descend; therefore no injustice is done in that way. And if it is unjust that, whether the father's intentions were so or not, land should descend to one son only, then the LORD CHANCELLOR must go a great deal further, and not merely abolish his "law of primogeniture," but introduce a law of *quotité*. Out of this dilemma there is no possible escape for him. In reference to both real and

personal property, the present law acts with the strictest consistency and justice. It forces no man to make any disposition of any property of which he has to dispose; it allows every man to make any disposition he pleases of any property of which he has to dispose. When he signifies no intention of any kind, it not merely presumes that he has anticipated and approved of its own well-known method of distribution, but in that distribution it follows exactly the custom of the country which the man would in all human probability himself have followed. It is usual to divide personal property by will, and the law divides it in case of no will. It is usual to keep real property undivided by will, and the law keeps it undivided in the absence of a will. If, of course, the LORD CHANCELLOR or anybody else chooses to maintain that it is the interest of the State to prevent *latifundia* or accumulation of property generally, that is a perfectly arguable proposition. But it goes not to the abolition of the law of primogeniture, but to the introduction of a law of limited bequest. More than this, it not only goes further than the LORD CHANCELLOR goes, but it cuts from underneath him the ground on which he stands. Not only must the law not perpetrate injustice, but the testator must not. Yet instead of "avoiding" it, as the LORD CHANCELLOR has it, by making his will, he will, according to that part of the present practice which the LORD CHANCELLOR does not propose to abolish, merely, if the LORD CHANCELLOR has his way, be more strongly than ever induced to perpetrate it by a solemn act.

Such are the sorrowful chances when even Lord Chancellors fail to clear their mind of cant.

THE POLICE BILL.

AFTER reading Wednesday afternoon's debate on the Police Forces Enfranchisement Bill—and very tough reading it is—only one question suggests itself. It is, how it ever came to be necessary for the House to be engaged on such a Bill now at all. Everybody agrees that it ought to have passed long ago. The nearest approach to opposition was Sir H. JAMES's statement of his reasons for not accepting this or a similar measure last Session. Of these, though Sir H. JAMES is no longer satisfied with them, we think that, considered from the purely logical point of view, and without prejudice to our right to support the Bill if we like, they are better than his reason for accepting it now. Last Session he declined to allow the police a vote because they ought to be impartial in elections, and that seems hardly possible if they are to be parties to the fight. Now he is inclined to give them their rights because they wish to have them, and a good many other people wish that they should, and nobody much wishes that they should not. As a mere matter of argumentation the *cons* have a good deal the better of the *pros*. Sir H. JAMES or another may possibly answer that in the long run no better *pros* ever have been given for any extension of the franchise, and that none were given for the last great Liberal measure. To that we are not aware of any satisfactory answer. The neglect at the time of what is now acknowledged to be a necessary part of the last extension of the franchise is only one more example of the huddled way in which the thing was done.

With the conversion of Sir H. JAMES all opposition to the Bill has vanished. Sir H. SELWIN-IBBETSON, Mr. COWEN, and Mr. HOWARD VINCENT are all of one mind on the subject. When members have reached this state of unanimity, business may benefit by it, but debates are apt to lose their interest. There is no possibility of getting even the semblance of a fight when one speaker after another only sets up the arguments against the Bill in order to knock them down at once. This is what happened on Wednesday afternoon. One member after another got up to state how it had been once believed that, unless the police were entirely without interest in the result, they could not be trusted to keep order fairly at elections; how there had been people who feared that a policeman of blue principles would possibly run in the buff voter, or the buff officer would stand by while the blue voter was being dragged through a horsepond. After going through this, the speaker duly ended by giving it as his opinion that the police were a respectable body of men who would never allow their private opinions to influence them in the discharge of their duty. To an even moderately sceptical mind the security appears doubtful. The constables are doubtless an excellent and virtuous body of men; but many per-

sons by no means devoid of worth and virtue have been known to think that a general election was a valid excuse for pranks of a very pronounced sort. Why the police should be supposed to be proof against temptations which were always too much for the virtue of the House of Commons nobody has told us. Members are, however, convinced that there is no cause for fear, and it cannot be denied that previous majorities have supported larger measures on no better ground than could be afforded by some internal conviction of the kind. For the rest, nobody will feel much disturbed by the prospect of having a police force which can vote. Our liberties will probably survive the police, as they have survived the standing army, in spite of many lugubrious prophecies. And then, too, the standing army votes now, as several members and ex-members have cause to know for their pleasure or otherwise. Since our liberties came to be at the mercy of so many and such curious votes, they can hardly be the worse for anything the force can do, and might conceivably, if it could be got to act in the right way, be much the better. From the decided, though for them tame, action of the Irish members it would appear that they are somewhat of that opinion. Their marked desire to exclude the Constabulary from a share in the privilege of voting is a tribute to that very admirable corps which does infinite honour. It is to be hoped that the desire of the House to get the Bill through quietly will not induce members to accept an invidious and anomalous clause against the Constabulary in Committee to pacify the Irish members. The Bill ought to pass the third as it has passed the second reading.

PARLIAMENTARY BUSINESS AND ELECTION PETITIONS.

WE ought to congratulate ourselves in these days, when political economy languishes in sidereal exile, if a measure of philanthropic legislation ever gets discussed from the point of view of economical principle. It is true, of course, that a discussion of that kind does not really deserve to be discredited with a scientific name. In reality, it is only the equivalent to the not offensively pedantic process known in common life as "seeing that you get your money's "worth"; but anyhow it is beneath the attention of the modern legislator, and we think ourselves lucky when he can be induced to perform the process at all. It will be observed that in the instance which has suggested these observations it got delayed till some time after what might be considered the appropriate occasion for it. The Crofters' Bill had been accepted in principle and read a second time before anybody in the House of Commons seems to have troubled himself to devote anything more than the most casual glance at the question of its value from the business point of view. The mere fact that both Parliamentary parties were agreed, in common with most people out of Parliament who know anything about them, that the Scotch Crofters are an interesting and deserving class of men, and that their landlords were in most cases as anxious as anybody else to provide them with fixity of tenure, and all other patent remedies for infertility of soil and ungeniality of climate—the fact, we say, that there was this general agreement on the question of right, so to speak, has tended to give a worse chance than ever to the question of practical expediency. Everybody has been anxious to fix the Crofter in his holding, and it is only when it has been resolved, almost by acclamation as it were, that the Crofter be and is hereby fixed in his holding that the House of Commons has even been so much as invited to consider seriously what will be the general consequences to him of the beneficent operation to which he is to be subjected. This, however, has now at length been done by Mr. CHAPLIN in a speech which is certainly by much the best yet delivered in these debates, and which we earnestly recommend to the study of those who do not consider the real welfare of the Crofters, as distinguished from what may be called their "statutory prosperity," to be beneath notice.

The amendments to the motion to go into Committee, and the proposals brought forward in Committee itself, appear to have been based now on a belief that the Bill is a blessing which ought to be extended to other Scotch cultivators, and now apparently on a suspicion that its provisions must be enlarged in order to make it of much advantage to the population intended to be benefited. Several indirect attempts have thus been made to introduce the excluded principle of free sale by a side door; but the Government,

we are glad to say, have had the humanity and firmness to withhold this fatal boon. The existing generation of Crofters may not have a very happy time of it in their holdings; but at least no provision has been deliberately made, as in the case of Ireland, for encumbering every holding which returns a profit to its occupier, until by successive transfers it is reduced to the level of the general insolvency. Where the action of the Government is more questionable is in their resistance to all suggestions that they should make their legislation practical by providing the wherewithal to give effect to its charitable intentions. If logic were not so often absent on a visit of consolation to an exiled friend, the LORD ADVOCATE would have felt compelled to accept Sir G. CAMPBELL's amendment to the effect that no Bill will suffice to amend the tenure of land in the Highlands and islands which does not afford some pecuniary assistance towards that object in certain parts of the country. As a matter of fact, the amendment was strongly opposed by a Minister of authority, on this question at any rate—we mean, of course, on the question, not whether money ought to be, but whether it is likely to be, advanced by the Treasury—the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER; and it was rejected without a division. But there was really nothing alleged against it which deserves the name of an argument; for the expression of a mere unwillingness to find the money, though a point of much practical importance in a financial discussion, is not in itself afeat of reasoning. Sir WILLIAM HARcourt said that "it would be perfectly impossible to apply this proposal to one part of the kingdom and not to another"; but, if Sir WILLIAM HARcourt can show us that the Crofters' Bill is not itself "a proposal applying to one part of the king-dom and not to another," we promise to pay him double Income-tax. The Government propose to make advances to fishermen, and we cordially agree with those who say that this is a far more prudent and beneficent form of assistance to give than to advance money to the Crofter wherewith to stock his new allotment. Only, unfortunately for the Government, it does not lie in their mouths to say this. For it is they who are proposing to give the Crofter his allotment, and unless they mean it to be of some use to him, which in nine cases out of ten it will not be unless he is assisted to stock it, why give it him at all? That it is contrary to accepted principles of legislation is an argument which it is much too late in the day for an English Government to put forward. You cannot blow the hot and cold of philanthropic sentiment and legislative principle by turns.

This is a question on which we should gladly have heard the Parliamentary Secretary—or rather by this time ex-Secretary—to the Local Government Board, since it has many affinities with that great question of the cow and the acres with which his name will be eternally associated in our history. But, alas! we know not when we shall hear that great Minister again on this or any other subject. The stern edict of the election judge has gone forth, and Mr. JESSE COLLINGS has ceased to be a member of the British Legislature. Short, indeed, though not inglorious, has been his official career since his crotchet carried him into power. *Ostendunt terris hunc tantum fata* (or, v. l. *ostendit vacca*) *neque ultra Esse sinunt* (or *sint*). Still we cannot think that Mr. COLLINGS, who has been personally acquitted of corrupt practices (he only resorts to them on that large and legitimate scale which consists in offering bribes to whole classes instead of individuals, and is therefore as much superior to vulgar bribery as annexation is to petty larceny or war to murder), has any right to complain of the sentence which he is to undergo. Mr. GARRARD was indeed a rash agent, and so is Mr. ROBERT NORTON, if not his too fraternally accommodating brother HENRY. When distant voters are given to understand by letter that it will be made worth their while to come up and vote, and when bank-notes pass in envelopes to "chuckers-out," there can be but one fate for the candidate who has been so badly served by those about him. Much harder is the case of Mr. BULLARD, at Norwich, who has been unseated for bribery by one BANHAM, who was "said to have given 'half a crown or a florin to a man named WIGGER shortly before the poll closed," and whom the election judges regarded as an agent, "as he was seen in and about the committee-room and canvassed the electors with a card, 'which he obtained therefrom.'" Here the evidence of agency itself was not particularly strong, and the illegal nature of the payment was by no means so clearly established as it was in the Ipswich case. The judges exonerated Mr. BULLARD and his election agent from any

knowledge of the corrupt practices, and regretted that the respondent had to be made responsible for BANHAM's act. No doubt the regret will be shared by the friends of the unseated candidate, and even those of opposite politics from him, or uninterested in politics at all, will be inclined to think that he has had somewhat hard measure. In Mr. COLLINGS's case, however, it must be admitted that, under no law against Corrupt Practices, unless it were to be the merest sham, could he possibly have hoped to escape. He is gone from the gaze of Parliament, and will soon disappear, if he has not already disappeared, from the list of HER MAJESTY's Ministers, leaving the awe-struck observer to reflect on the strange, Napoleonic reverses of fortune which mark political life and on the tragic mutability of human affairs.

DR. CAMERON'S MOTION.

ONE or two redeeming incidents gave a certain interest to an otherwise singularly dull debate on Dr. CAMERON's motion for Scotch Disestablishment. In the main, it was as idle in conception and as unprofitable in execution as any debate upon which even this miraculous Parliament has wasted its time. Neither the solemn sincerity of Mr. RICHARD nor the Puckish extravagance of Mr. LABOUCHERE has ever quite equalled the effect of Dr. CAMERON's grave acknowledgment that his subject was by common consent "taboo" during the present Parliament, but that still he would, after the fashion of an eminent countryman of his in better days than these, "maintain his argument as well as any man in the world" upon it. The general stuff of the discussion was made up of the usual Disestablishment arguments, put in, if possible, a more than usually disingenuous form. What the Disestablisher, be he Irish, Welsh, Scotch, or English, really wants is to injure the Established Church, to affix a stigma on its members, to gratify some social grudge of his own, and to handle more or less plunder. What he says he wants is to increase the sphere of the Church's usefulness, to free her members from degrading chains, to admit others to his own state of pure religious blessedness, and to relieve all clerical consciences from the burden of receiving other than voluntary support. The bridge between what he means and what he says is built more or less dexterously according to his abilities and honesty. But the result of the building is (without any intention of punning) by no means edifying and is rarely conducive even to diversion.

The abstention of the Irish members and the speech of Mr. GLADSTONE alone redeemed the affair from insignificance, and the former must be held responsible for the unusually large majority by which, contrary to recent experience, a motion which must have been either inoperative or mischievous was rejected. It is not known what precise reason disinclined Mr. PARNELL's *numerus* to its wonted alacrity in mischief-making. Perhaps abstention was one of the articles stipulated for by Mr. GLADSTONE in the new alliance; perhaps the Nationalists think that they have been too liberal in paying beforehand for Radical support which is not sure to be given; perhaps even their robust abilities of voice and vote are not proof against a Scotch Wednesday. Sure it is that the division lists show only a single Parnellite name. Mr. GLADSTONE's speech has not, for a wonder, been pronounced to be "even for him one of the most animated, crushing, and masterly displays of eloquence," &c. &c., according to the phrase which is apparently kept standing in certain newspaper offices. It had at least the merit of not being delivered in a towering rage with something quite different from its apparent subject, and it had some historical and personal interest. It is agreeable to know that Mr. GLADSTONE's elastic ideas as to Ministerial responsibility began earlier than is generally thought. He was, he says, "in the Government, but not in the Cabinet," in 1843; and, that being so, he was not "concerned with the preparation" of the Bill which caused the disruption of the Scotch Kirk. Can it be that Mr. GLADSTONE was looking forward as well as backward, and hinting to the minor and more numerous members of his own Government that, so long as they have not been concerned in the preparation of a certain Bill for a certain other disruption, they are not responsible? It was interesting, again, to know once more that there never was a people on the face of the earth of such superior qualifications in various respects as the Scotch people, and it is to be hoped that this expression of unbiased opinion will console the nation for possessing only an un-Cabinetted Secretary. Yet

again, it was interesting once more to hear Mr. GLADSTONE's demonstration that a man may be quite an ardent partisan of Established Churches in the abstract and yet be prepared to admit that the propriety of disestablishing the Church of A, the Church of B, the Church of C, and so on quite through the alphabet, is matter deserving of unbiased consideration. Most pleasing of all was it to learn from Mr. GLADSTONE that his declarations in Scotland the other day are not now binding on him "as chief of the Government," because he did not "speak on behalf of a Government." For thus we learn the full extent of the freedom and responsibility of an Opposition leader. He cannot speak for the Government of the day because he does not belong to it; he cannot speak for the Government with which he hopes to replace the Government of the day because it is not in existence. So, though Mr. GLADSTONE very generously acknowledged his personal responsibility, it is the responsibility of Mr. W. E. GLADSTONE, and not of the chief of the Government. Such interesting Gladstoniana did Dr. CAMERON's motion extract.

THE GREEK MENACE OF WAR.

M R. GLADSTONE'S return to power is beginning to make its malign influences felt elsewhere than in the United Kingdom. Russia is again reported to be discovering the existence of doubtful points in the settlement of the Afghan frontier question, and has found cause for withdrawing her naval contingent—of course on perfectly innocent and wholly unpolitical grounds—from Suda Bay. The Russian vessels, the Admiral in command of them informed his colleagues, were "going to Smyrna to revictual." Nothing doubtless could be more natural and unobjectionable than this movement; and the unfortunate officer who has directed it is surely not to blame if the Greeks persist in misconstruing it. This, however, is but too evidently what they are doing. The revictualling of the Russian ships appears to have had the curious effect of replenishing the somewhat depleted stores of Hellenic courage. The Greeks, it would seem, understand the action of Russia to be implying that the Concert of Europe, so far as the prospects of joint naval action are concerned, has broken down, and their demeanour, which had again been growing warlike, has within the last few days become more menacing than ever. The Chamber reassembled yesterday, and it is just possible that even before the present number of this *Review* is in the hands of its readers they may have received news that the Greek nation, through its representative Assembly, stands committed to war. The apprehensions so generally felt to this effect may, of course, turn out to be exaggerated. It is never quite safe to predict the outcome of a political crisis in a country which, like most of the other little nations which have borrowed our Constitution, exhibits all the worst vices of our party system in a form of caricature; and the question of peace or war may possibly enough resolve itself into a mere struggle between the "ins" and "outs," and be settled not by a declaration of war, but simply by a change of Ministry. But it seems, at any rate, to be pretty generally anticipated that the Government in power will use strong efforts to maintain their places, at whatever cost to their country, and we should have no right to be surprised if their long-continued incendiary efforts were to have the effect of provoking the Chamber to a rash decision.

What course should be pursued by the European Powers at large, and England in particular, is a question for consideration. We are inclined to think that it has been too hastily answered by those who are now assuming that the withdrawal of the Russian squadron on whatever pretext may be expected to dissolve the coalition of the European Powers. On the contrary, it rather appears to us that the question of the pretext is an all-important one. The Powers have a perfect right, if so disposed, to treat the Russian Admiral's explanation of his withdrawal as a genuine one, and to regard him and his ships as constructively participating in whatever measures might be agreed upon by his remaining colleagues of the still unbroken concert. It may be urged, indeed, that unless this course is actually adopted we may lay aside what Mr. GLADSTONE called the "valuable instrument for the preservation of the peace of Europe" with little prospect of ever being able to resume it again with any chance of success. If a petty Power like Greece is to be taught that the Concert of Europe will not execute its threats if the slightest sign of ill will should manifest itself on the

part of any one of its constituent States, the valuable instrument will speedily sink to the level of an exposed bugbear. But since, for our own part, we never shared Mr. GLADSTONE's faith in this wonderful instrument—which appeared to us likely to succeed to admiration in all international difficulties which could be equally easily disposed of without it, and almost certain in every really critical case to disappoint the hopes, if not to cut the fingers, of those who make use of it—the discredit which would be thrown on its efficacy by a Greek defiance of it gives us no great concern. If the Continental Powers, as would probably be the case, should, in the absence of one of their number, decline to translate their menace of coercion into accomplished fact, the chances are that they know their own business best, and we might perhaps have to thank them for having saved this country from grave complications. As to the Greeks themselves, the probability is that no form of international coercion would be more effective, though several might possibly be a little more speedy, than that which Turkey may be trusted to apply with her own hands. Estimates of the comparative numerical strength of the Greek and Turkish armies vary as much as such estimates commonly do; but even the most favourable computation of the former puts it at between one-third and one-fourth of the latter; while in the matter of quality, nothing, in sporting phrase, "will bring them together." It is, to say the least, not certain that the troops of Greece even possess courage; while it is tolerably certain that they are defective in military discipline, and quite certain that they have had no experience of actual warfare. The Turkish soldier, on the other hand, in addition to his natural gift of bravery and his acquirements of professional training, is a seasoned campaigner. It would be absurd to pretend, and even the most enthusiastic of Philhellenes does not in fact pretend, that the issue would be for one moment doubtful. We doubt, indeed, whether there is any educated Greek, be he soldier or civilian, who supposes that his country is (we will not say a match for Turkey, for none of her small assailants believe anything so preposterous as that, but) able even to make a respectable fight of it. If Greece does actually go to war it will be on the calculation of her present Ministers that they will gain a temporary popularity for themselves, and that their country, if they condescend to think of her, will come to no great harm whatever happens. The Greeks, who have been vapouring and doing nothing, drawing the sword and sheathing it again, in every Eastern complication which has occurred for years past, will at any rate have effaced a reproach which their vanity is beginning to find intolerable; and while, in the event of their action precipitating a conflict among greater States than their own, they look forward to "getting something for themselves" at the close of the struggle, they entertain at the same time a pretty confident expectation that, even if the war be localized and ends, as it must then inevitably end, in their own utter discomfiture, Europe will not allow them to be serious losers by their defeat.

That there would in any case be some plausible grounds for this expectation is unfortunately too true, but it is only in reason to suppose that it has been materially strengthened in the Hellenic mind by the fact that Mr. GLADSTONE has for the moment the direction of the foreign policy of this country. The very language in which his uneasy followers are entreating the Greeks to abstain from "rash action" must naturally be regarded by them as confirming them in the belief that by such action they can force Mr. GLADSTONE's hand. We would not, of course, go so far as to contend that this is the only stimulant of the renewed restlessness of Greece. Supposing it to be anything more than a mere piece of political *blague* on the part of the Greek Ministry—assuming it to indicate a serious intention at once or shortly to break the peace of Europe—it will, no doubt, suggest the strongest suspicion that the hand of Russia has been at work in some more direct mode than was suggested at the outset of these remarks. More than one circumstance points to the conclusion that it is Russia who is troubling the waters. Her newspapers are being allowed to put forward a project of pacification which is neither more nor less than a distinct challenge to Austria—a project the realization of which Austria could not possibly tolerate without condemning herself to effacement in the Balkan Peninsula. Such is the proposal that Bulgaria shall be occupied by Russian troops, and the insolent hint of the *Moscow Gazette* that, whether Austria likes this or not, she will have to submit to it. Of course we are told that all these experiments, whether original or inspired, on the part of the

CZAR'S Government mean nothing at all. Lord ROSEBERRY and Mr. BRYCE are quite sure that they mean nothing. They accept the pretext put forward by the Russian Admiral for his retirement from Suda Bay in the most perfect good faith. Mr. BRYCE has reason to believe that the Russian vessels will at once rejoin the allied squadron; Lord ROSEBERRY is not sure that orders have not been given them to rejoin it already. The FOREIGN SECRETARY has received, but apparently has not communicated to his subordinate, "the most cordial assurance of co-operation from the Russian Government in respect to the matter." We wonder how many cordial assurances English Ministers have received from Russian Governments during the last ten or a dozen years, and whether these particular assurances are worth as much or as little as their predecessors. That is a question upon which the resolves of the Greek Government may possibly throw some light.

MORE ABOUT SCHEDULE D.

IN previous articles it has been shown how devious and irritating are the open ways of the surveyor of taxes. The hidden workings are, however, far more formidable. To understand them, it is necessary to have some idea of the process by which the produce of "Schedule D" finds its way into the Imperial Exchequer. The theory of the Income-tax Acts is that charges under Schedule D are assessed and collected under the authority of District General Commissioners. They are a parochial body quite independent of the Board of Inland Revenue and of every one else. As fast as the parochial collectors receive the taxes they pay them over to the collectors of Inland Revenue, and it is the surveyor's duty to see this duty punctually performed. But, before the tax can be collected, the following process must be gone through:—

1. A form of return, printed on large bilious yellow sheets, is sent to every resident with a request that he will enter in it particulars of his income. How it is filled up most of us unfortunately know.

2. These returns, when they have been received back, are given to the local assessors, who must estimate the income of everybody in their parish. The assessor is supposed to base his estimates on his local knowledge and experience, and he may either accept the taxpayer's return, or he may form his own estimate differing from it. As he is paid by poundage he is interested in making the assessments high, but, lest his zeal should carry him too far, it is provided that he is to receive poundage only on so much of his assessment as is allowed to stand after revision.

3. The revision is performed by a Committee of additional Commissioners. These are residents in the parish, with a property qualification of 100*l.* per annum. They are supposed to be experts in assessing income, and their services are given gratuitously. They have before them the returns made by the taxpayers and the estimates made by the assessors. They are in no way interested in increasing the assessments, and they might to some extent protect the public if only they knew their powers and took the trouble to do their own work instead of letting it be done by the surveyor.

4. When the additional Commissioners have made their assessments, the surveyor is at liberty to inspect them, and to object on specific grounds to all or any of them. The additional Commissioners may, if they please, modify their assessments to meet his views, or they may adhere to their assessment. In the latter case it becomes the surveyor's duty to make a formal objection, and to serve a notice of his objection upon the person assessed, in order that he may appear before the General Commissioners and plead his case against the surveyor.

5. When the additional Commissioners have signed their assessments, they issue notices of charge to every one assessed. Then the assessments, together with the surveyor's certified objections and the reply thereto, if any, of the additional Commissioners, are referred to the General Commissioners, who are the autocrats of Income-tax in their own district. The surveyor of taxes and the aggrieved public receive notice on what day appeals will be heard; and not until the persons aggrieved have had an opportunity of pleading their case in person are the assessments actually confirmed by the seal and signature of the General Commissioners. These General Commissioners are unpaid. They must have a property qualification of 200*l.* per annum, and they are absolutely supreme in the Income-tax affairs of their own district. There is no appeal from their decisions except to the High Court of Justice on a point of law. They have no interest in increasing the assessments, and they should (and if they knew their business, could) protect the parishioners against the surveyor.

6. When the assessments have been signed by the General Commissioners, the collectors are instructed to collect the tax. The collectors are appointed by the General Commissioners, and they receive 1*d.* for every pound of tax which they collect and pay over to the Inland Revenue. The surveyor of taxes has a right to represent the Inland Revenue in all appeals before the District General Commissioners, and he has to see that the collectors do their work. He is paid by the Inland Revenue a fixed salary, and his income is theoretically quite independent of

the amount of the assessments over the collection of which he presides.

This, then, is really a very beautiful scheme. Each parish or group of parishes is for the purposes of Income-tax governed by its own parochial General Commissioners. These gentlemen give their services gratuitously, and consequently have no interest whatever in raising the assessments. They appoint their own parochial assessors and collectors, and have complete control over them, since they need never reappoint them at the end of the year. The assessors have their work revised by parochial additional Commissioners who are familiar with the parish, and have no motive for increasing the assessments; and the work is "surveyed" on behalf of the Inland Revenue by a "surveyor" whose salary is fixed, and does not depend on the amount of tax collected in his district.

Really it seems almost wonderful that any one should have to complain of being overcharged. And perhaps it would be wonderful—if the theory and the practice of Income-tax were more in accord. But in practice, unfortunately, the public's unpaid protectors are so ill-acquainted with their duties and powers, and so little disposed for hard work, that they are very much at the mercy of the surveyor. The surveyor, on the other hand, is very well up in all those portions of the Act which tell in favour of the Revenue authorities against the public; and he would not rashly prompt the public against his masters, or interpret too liberally such clauses as temper the wind to the taxpayer. Moreover, although the surveyor is paid by fixed salary and not by poundage, he may, in certain cases, be awarded a money payment in reward for exceptional exertions. If the assessments in his district fall below the total of previous years, he has to furnish a report as to the cause; and it is recognized that a surveyor whose districts show an increased assessment has a claim to promotion.

He has, therefore, an inducement to increase the assessments. But, on the other hand, if he proceeds clumsily to work, he will cause many complaints, and in that case his chances of promotion will be diminished. What can he do? He must re-enact the fable of the cat and the monkey; and the parochial authorities must be his monkey. He has two chances of making them play this part—

(1) He can help the assessors to make their estimates; and he frequently does so.

(2) He can similarly assist the additional Commissioners who revise the estimates aforesaid. If they permit him, he is ready to relieve them of all their work. All he requires of them is that they should sign the assessments and so accept the responsibility.

In this way the assessments are made nominally by independent parochial authorities, but at the instigation of the surveyor. As, however, the surveyor has been doing the additional Commissioners' work himself, he has had no occasion to make any formal objection to their assessments. Consequently, he avoids having to serve a notice of his objection on the person assessed; and that unlucky person remains profoundly ignorant who it is that has disbelieved his return, and has increased his assessment. If he calls on the surveyor to protest, the chances are that that worthy will assure him that the Commissioners are responsible for the increase; and the assurance is, in an official sense, strictly true.

Probably the taxpayer will be unable to distinguish between the additional Commissioners who make the assessments subject to appeal, and the General Commissioners who confirm them after hearing appeals. They are always distinct; but the bewildered victim will most likely think that his judges are identical with those who have already condemned him. So he prefers to bear those ills he has, pays peaceably, and makes one of the many thousands at whose expense the careful surveyor manages to increase Her Majesty's revenue. Even if he ultimately decides to appeal, the surveyor has a right to be present; and, as it often happens that the surveyor alone is well acquainted with the Tax Acts, while the Commissioners are often profoundly ignorant, and the public are too apt to confuse law with equity, the surveyor gets his own way.

Thus, in spite of its admirable theory, the result of our Income-tax laws is that the Inland Revenue not only receive, but to a large extent assess, the Income-tax. The Board are now endeavouring to take away its collection from the parochial authorities and entrust it to the Excise. If they succeed, the Income-tax will be practically assessed and collected by the myrmidons of Somerset House, whose only object will be to get as much out of the taxpayer as possible.

EDUCATION AND POLITICS.

M R. R. D. REES, the Under-Secretary and Persian translator to the Government of Madras, has been usefully employing his time, whether of leisure or of business. He has been travelling in Western Persia, improving his acquaintance with the tongue which it is his duty "to English," and making acquaintance with a personage who is even now playing a great part in the history of Persia, and is likely in the future to play one still greater. Zel-el Sultan (or, as some call him, "the Zil-es-Sultan") rules the western half of Persia, and he is suspected of designing, when the time shall come, to rule the whole of it. He is the eldest son of the Shah, but not the heir-apparent, not being, like

his younger brother, who is next in succession to the throne, of royal blood on both sides. But if not in the technical sense, he is supposed to regard himself as practically the heir-presumptive. In the notes of his journey which Mr. Rees has published he has given a description of this Prince, who is evidently one of those natural rulers of men born out of a condition of social anarchy with a vocation to reduce it to order. Mr. Rees describes him as a man of marked force and individuality of character. He has succeeded in impressing a salutary fear on the people of the provinces which he rules. "He has almost stamped out robbery and murder on the plains," says Mr. Rees, "and established an understanding with the nomad tribes, who can only be ruled by more or less of compromise and agreement. He has vastly improved the army in equipment and drill, and is passionately devoted to soldiering." He is, apparently, a sort of Mehemet Ali of Persia. Mr. Rees gives a brief narrative of an interview with him :—

Scene, the Palace garden at Ispahan. *Dramatis personæ*—the Prince, commander of army corps, officers, courtiers, secretaries, a guard of soldiers, myself—a large company. Was I in the army? No. A pity. Aside to the others, but in the same tone, "A good youth." Hereon I tried to look my best. I had apologized, on being presented, for the costume of the traveller. What was I travelling for? "To learn Persian and see the country." Aside, "Just like these Englishmen." To me, "Why do they want to know so much? Here no one knows anything. It is better so. I know nothing, but can govern provinces." An assent more *Persico* from me. "What about the Russian crisis?" "I have no news of late, but I believe there will be no war." "It is certain there will be none." "I had not heard that." "And if there were war, who would conquer?" "Please God, the English." "I hope they may."

We do not concern ourselves now with the political aspects of this conversation. The thoughts which it suggests as to the education of a Prince, or other ruler of men, for the moment impress us more. "Here no one knows anything. It is better so. I know nothing, but can govern provinces." The conversation recalls to us an anecdote which Mr. Hookham Frere tells of his friend Canning. They were walking through some fields in the neighbourhood, if we recollect rightly, of Finchley, discussing matters of State, when they came to a pond, in which there were tadpoles. Canning was struck with the appearance of the creatures, and inquired what they were—the political association between Tadpole and Taper not having been established in his time. He was told that they were called tadpoles, and would in the course of time become frogs. He was much amazed and was probably in his heart sceptical, his acquaintance with the Metamorphoses of Ovid not supplying him with any such instance of transformation. A gamekeeper—an historic character—once justified his shooting at a cuckoo on the ground that cuckoo changed into hawks in the winter. Probably, if this curious phenomenon in natural history had been communicated to Canning, he would have received it with the same implicit credence or with the same polite assent and reserved scepticism as that with which he greeted the astonishing announcement that tadpoles turned into frogs. Mr. Hookham Frere makes much the same sort of comment on Canning's ignorance of natural history as that which the Persian Prince made upon the English appetite for knowledge. It shows, he says, that a man might govern a great nation and sway the councils of Europe, and yet know nothing about tadpoles. In fact, Mr. Frere seems, in telling the story, rather to imply an apology for his own minute acquaintance with natural history than to impute any blame to Canning's ignorance. He has no sense of superiority. Perhaps he may have thought—we are not quite sure whether chronology makes this particular reflexion historically possible—that, if he had been ignorant that tadpoles turned into frogs, he might have avoided the mistake into which he fell as Minister at Madrid, and have been nearly as great a statesman as his friend. Possibly M. Paul Bert is destined to show that a scientific knowledge even larger than that which Mr. Frere displayed in the conversation on the brink of a pond at Finchley is compatible with the faculty of governing men.

We sympathize with the distress, the shock of surprise and horror which speculations of this kind must occasion to Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Huxley. To know that tadpoles turn into frogs is to them the beginning of wisdom. It may not be enough, but it is essential. It contains the promise of everything else, and a man so equipped may stand before kings and rule empires. The ignorance which was innocent in Canning would of course be disgraceful now. Scientific knowledge has not, indeed, Sir John Lubbock and Professor Huxley will excuse us for saying, any direct relation to government. The only principle that can safely be laid down with respect to knowledge and action is that men should know their own business, and as much that lies outside their own business as they find it possible to acquire and retain without interference with their proper work. He who has to deal with men should know mankind, in the present and in the past. The training of the statesman will always, therefore, be rather in literature than in science. The Classical Tripos, the Moral Sciences Tripos, the Law Tripos, and the Modern History Tripos rather than the Mathematical Tripos and the Natural Sciences Tripos, to use the language of one University; the schools of Literæ Humaniores, of Jurisprudence and of Modern History rather than those of the Mathematical and Physical Sciences and of Natural Science—to speak in the terms of the other—will furnish the proper equipment for political life. Without making any minute comparison, or any invidious weighing of names and reputations, it may, we think, be stated broadly that the contributions of Oxford to the higher

statesmanship of England have been larger than those of Cambridge. The fact is perhaps due in part to social accident. Oxford, during a long period, was in a greater degree than Cambridge the University of the nobility and greater gentry destined to a political career. But something, we are disposed to think, must be allowed to the fact that Oxford has been the school mainly of classical learning, and Cambridge of mathematical science. Lord Hartington is not prone to classical quotations. He is a Cambridge man. But on one occasion he cited the sentiment of a Latin author, whose name he candidly confessed he did not know, but who had made the striking remark which he entirely adopted:—"Homo sum: nihil humani a me alienum puto." "For I"—so I spoke—"am a Poet, Human nature,—behoves that I know it," as Mr. Browning says or sings in the person of Peter Ronsard. Lord Hartington as a statesman felt the same necessity. The training which the mathematical and physical sciences give in rigid processes of reasoning, from clearly defined premisses to inevitable conclusions—from certitude to certitude—is by no means the best preparation for that discernment of probabilities, that balancing of various chances, that allowance for fluctuating contingencies, which make up the very inexact science of conduct and form the basis of civil prudence. The *esprit géométrique* and the *esprit de finesse*, to adopt Pascal's distinction, have nothing in common. Politics is to a great extent the art of moral and social divination, based, of course, upon a large accumulation of the appropriate knowledge—the knowledge derived from life, from literature, and from history. The purely deductive reasoning of mathematics, the habits of precise observation, of direct experiment with limited and perfectly ascertained elements under clearly defined conditions, which are the method of the physical and natural sciences, have little relation to the solution of social and political problems. They tend to put the faculties on the wrong track, to create mental habits invaluable in their own sphere and for their work, but inappropriate to the sphere and work of politics. In one sense, a knowledge of the relations of tadpoles to tapers is indispensable to every one, including politicians. This knowledge is in the air; it is part of the mental furniture of our time. It colours the speech and furnishes the illustrations of exposition and controversy. A man wholly ignorant of these things is like a man ignorant of the language of those whom he addresses. An illustration drawn from the *Origin of Species* would probably be more intelligible in the present House of Commons than an illustration from the *Aeneid*. Darwin and Galton are quoted in a debate on the House of Lords with about as much knowledge of them, indeed, as the eulogist of Harry Stogitton in a Parliament of a past generation possessed of the associate of Harmodius, whom he referred to under this English guise. Still they are quoted. It may be doubted, however, whether Prince Zel-el Sultan would administer his provinces better if he were versed in the doctrines of evolution and heredity. He can afford in matters of this kind to be ignorant of what his subjects do not know. He mistakes when he says, "I know nothing, and can govern provinces." He can govern provinces because he knows men, perhaps without knowing that he knows them.

SOME ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE main characteristic of all classical and fully-matured art is a plastic ideal; without this there can be no unity so binding together intention and means that they speak congruously to the world. Imagination, treatment, and handling should all run into each other without any lines of demarcation, and should not remain separate provinces, as is the case in the primitive, symbolic, and anecdotic forms of art which have proved so seductive in England. When his imagination does not thus embrace the whole material field of art, the painter cannot always feel with certitude whether any given quality or detail or method may tend to further or hinder the expression of any given sentiment. Now English artists have lately had the intellectual courage to face their own peculiar shortcomings, and the good sense to take hints as to the right application of their talents from those schools which have specially cultivated style and the legitimate use of material. This movement, besides improving the habits of artists, should have been of advantage to public taste, as it has led to the frequent exhibition of examples of the most complete school of the century—the school founded in France by Constable. Unfortunately, however, dealers seem to have taken advantage of this awakening from the slumber of insularity to import foreign pot-boilers, the work of men in whom those fine traditions of the relation of art to nature have only engendered mechanical mannerisms, no less wearisome, if more dexterous, than the conventions of the British pot-boiler which they are threatening to supplant. Shoddy and insincere art, quite out of date on the Continent, is too prominent this year in dealers' exhibitions. As for the fresh and really earnest work which Englishmen have lately begun, it is far too meagrely represented. Many young men here and elsewhere pursue, not a base imitation of any one, but sane and broad principles of good art applied to new subjects of their own choosing. Their work shows more feeling, and is at the same time more cleverly and more appropriately handled, than that of these imitators of Fortuny, Madrazo, Meissonier, Munkaczy, Duran, Pelouse, and other well-known men. When once a picture has met with wide success the market is

flooded with mechanically facile arrangements of its scheme and subject, generally as much wanting the atmospheric truth and real modelling of the original as lacking its honesty of purpose and sentiment. Not to speak of landscapes, brown, empty, or green as Rousseau's, Corot's, and Daubigny's are *not*, every one must have seen to satiety Venetian, Oriental, military, convivial, theatrical, religious, and demi-mundane scenes represented in parodies of the styles of the best Continental masters. True the subjects of such pictures exist in nature, and so may be eternally treated in art if only they be approached with sincerity of vision and dealt with upon the artist's own conventions. But the foreign pictures we speak of are not thus interesting, and by no means represent the advanced work of the young and enthusiastic Continental schools, which can at least boast the merits of novelty and of an earnest endeavour to conclude a new treaty with nature. But though these bright, slick, and mechanical works have nothing to do with modern "impressionism," neither are they worthy of the great French school of the immediate past. They are indeed but shining scum on the surface of that great tide of deep and fervid feeling for art and nature which, coming from the still remoter past, bore the fruits of all experience to the great Frenchmen of this century.

Though not an avowedly foreign exhibition, Messrs. Tooth's large, well-lighted, and well-hung gallery is peppered, like others, with this sort of insincere and pretentious product of commerce. Collective notice of such work is all that is advisable or necessary; the public will do well to avoid it in detail. By reason of the high and brilliant key in which it is painted, and the prominent position which it occupies, Mr. Leader's "Summer Afternoon, N. Wales" (78), very easily arrests the attention. Its cleverness is somewhat mechanical, yet it has many qualities of nature, though they are none of the highest, and it is decidedly less hard and wiry than the greater part of this painter's work. Near it hangs another conspicuous picture, M. G. Favretto's "Market Day" (84); it is a Venetian scene full of figures and colour, resembling those by Van Haanen, but less solidly painted, less closely modelled, and less true in value. M. Eisenhut's "Tartar School in Baku" (60) is another striking work; the effect of light is strongly realized, almost to harshness; there is too much detail and too little air. M. Pasini's "Harem à la campagne sur le Bosphore" (37) is not without good points, but the foreground and the figures therein are conceived in a mean style quite out of keeping with a landscape element which has a certain dignity of aspect. Next comes some pictures which, if they are not all as clever as the preceding, yet seem to us in their different ways the outcome of sincerer efforts to combine the principles of art and the facts of vision. M. Lhermitte's "Hay-time" (103), painted in dry colour with a result almost like pastel, is of a pleasant aerial tone; the figures are well drawn, and the style is original and unhackneyed. Mr. F. Dicksee's "Romeo and Juliet" (61) still looks low-toned, but not black, as it did in the Academy. Though the figures are not impassioned enough in action, the scene is very well imagined, the colour refined, and the detail and accessories painted with a conscientious wish to suppress as little as possible, and yet to permit nothing to obtrude itself unduly. Were the white spots in the mosaic floor tinged with the same yellow tone as the other tiles, this result would have been more successfully obtained. Mr. Weekes's "Who goes there?" (112), some pigs challenged by a dog, is a very naturally conceived animal subject, and the landscape qualities brought to bear on the scene are sound and excellent. The tone is grey and silvery, the treatment simple and quite unaffected. Sober as it is, Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "A Three-knot Turn" (88), several barges towed by a steamer, is not quite free from a certain arbitrariness of colouring which takes away from the naturalness of the impression. An admirable sense of motion, however, has been attained, as the drawing and style of touch in the representation of birds, smoke, and water have been most conscientiously studied. His "Busy Medway" (128), which has a charming and vaporous distance, is another resolute and unconventional attack of the difficulties of nature. Mr. E. A. Waterlow also, in his pleasant composition "A Sunny Day in Cornwall" (55), has honestly tried to make the best of what he saw, and with considerable success, the foreground only appearing somewhat tinkered. As a piece of rich, sympathetic, and broadly-treated colour Mr. Potter's "Music Lesson" (68) is well worthy of notice, badly hung as it is. Mr. Senét's "On the Lido" (89), though perhaps a little too evidently put together on principle, is by no means purely mechanical in its dexterousness; the sketchy figures in the boats express a good deal of action, and the general effect is decorative, brilliant, and tolerably original. Of these pictures, which all treat nature with some respect, Mr. V. Gilbert's "Flower Market" (5) is the most cunning in its summary style of manipulation and its delicate scale of values. Good work of various sorts and of various degrees of excellence comes from Messrs. Keeley Halswelle, Ernest Parton, T. C. Benham, V. Binet, W. Velten, and many others, both English and foreign.

At Mr. Maclean's there is, as usual, much foreign work, some of it excellent, and some that sort of cheap French *chic* which does not naturally please the English public, and which, from the seduction of an easily-learnt trick of manner, is a ruinous example to those artists who, with Mr. James Payn, regard art as a business affair. "Peace and War" (54), the work of M. Carl Marr, is based on a fine grey convention which successfully expresses open air and sunlight; moreover, the sheep, figures, and trees are well composed, and the picture is large and striking. Similarly grey and true in

its representation of sunlight is Mr. Pierre Billet's "Going to Market" (20), a picture, however, by no means to be compared with one of his exhibited here during the winter. Israel's fine sentiment for dark interiors is well exemplified in "The Frugal Meal" (48); and in 37 may be seen a specimen of the real "Venetian Flower Girl," "than which none others are genuine." Mr. Van Haanen here plainly shows his many imitators that, to equal him in appropriate expression, elegance of handling and true aerial quality of value is not so easy as to merely steal his subjects. Mr. Harlamoff has two canvases, "Spring-time" (7) and "Italian Flower Girls" (19), whose charm lies chiefly in their colour. Though the girls' heads are sympathetically, perhaps over-sentimentally, painted, it is in the realization of the soft bloomy quality of flowers that the painter most excels. Another charming scheme of colour is Mr. G. Favretto's "Alone: a Corner of the Salon" (30); it is much superior in refinement to his more ambitious Venetian scene at Messrs. Tooth's. Mr. Hermann Philips, however, is *facile princeps* as a colourist; his little canvas, "The Rembrandt Hat" (38), rich, gorgeous, and far from undignified as it is, betokens a warmer artistic temperament in its painter than anything else in the Gallery. Messrs. Eugène de Blaas, Blommers, Artz, and W. Gay contribute work quite worthy of notice. The Academy is represented by Sir J. E. Millais, Messrs. Pettie, Peter Graham, H. B. Davis. As usual, the younger English school is not represented at all.

There is not much new work of importance at the French Gallery, Pall Mall, neither is there any really crowning work of the great epoch of French art. Two Corots, one of them rather black and spotty; a tolerably good little figure sketch by Diaz; a trivial Jules Dupré; an ordinary enough specimen of Emile Lambinet; and a couple of Meissoniers make up the list of that sort of work. Two rather large-sized pictures by Mr. Jonnowitz, "The War Dance" (41) and "The Traitor Tracked" (53), are the main attraction in the way of novelty. They are dramatically composed and grouped, are painted solidly and with a good feeling, but with no very refined sense of colour. A picture not unlike these in general style and in the dry quality of its paint is Mr. Kramer's large composition on the subject of the Woman taken in Adultery (119); it is, however, more unequal in handling and much inferior in power. Professor L. C. Muller sends scarcely anything this year. His sketch "By the Shore of the tideless Sea" (29) is really too conventional; he has traded too obviously on the single opposition of yellow and blue, and it is advisable to mask your trick of reproduction a little more artfully. Mr. A. D. Montemezzo treats green grass in a pleasantly fat and luscious impasto, without losing altogether the quality of open air. Van Marcke, again, is blacker in colour, but his style is nobler and more dignified. Very clever handling will of course be expected from R. de Madrazo, and yet his little sketch, "Her Heart was in the Song" (32), is not likely to disappoint any one. Professor L. Loefitz and Mr. W. Firle send pictures which bear some resemblance to old Dutch work, not from the perfection of drawing and chiaroscuro, but rather from a sort of superficial likeness in colour.

MISS EDGEWORTH'S NOVELS.

AS there is nothing that enrages the bad writers of any given age so much as praise given to the good writers of past ages, so nothing should be pleasanter to good readers. The famous lady whose name stands at the head of this article is still famous, but it is to be feared that her fame has become very much a matter of hearsay with the ordinary nineteenth-century reader. She has, indeed, the advantage of having her work, at least the greater part of it, kept on sale in a stock edition (Routledge & Co.) at a moderate price, with which edition, considering its price, no great fault can reasonably be found. But we wish that Messrs. Routledge would take advantage of the present beginning or revival of a taste for buying well-got-up books in England to issue a new edition on somewhat better paper and from fresh type. And if they do so, we wish still more that they would include in it, what is not included at present, Miss Edgeworth's delightful work for juveniles. Nothing of their kind exists in English more charming than—we are not sure that anything exists in English so charming as—*Frank*, *Harry and Lucy*, and *The Parent's Assistant*. Whenever we meet a cad, or a prig, or a mulf, or an advanced Radical, or an admirer of Mr. Gladstone, or a man who does not like Shakespeare, or a person who thinks that vaccination is wicked (there is perhaps some cross division and repetition in this list), we nearly always find on inquiry either that he was not brought up on *Frank* and *The Parent's Assistant* or that he did not really enjoy them. Besides, some matter which is actually included in Messrs. Routledge's collection, such as "*Mademoiselle Panache*," is not well intelligible without its earlier part. Let us have that comeier edition whereof we have spoken, and let us by all means be able to read in it how Frank too officiously cleaned the theodolite and won the pool at commerce; how Lazy Lawrence neglected the fine Worcestershire cider; how Tarlton administered the ferocious bread and meat out of the handkerchief, and how that most noble and chivalrous adventure of the Barrington Out was terminated by the vile arts of a brutal gardener.

Meanwhile, however, it is of the novels proper that we incline to speak, as being even more and more unwisely neglected than the

books for children. For these latter do still survive in well-regulated schoolrooms and nurseries, while *Belinda* and *Helen*, *Ormond* and that most admirable book *The Absentee*, are more and more dropping out of the memory of all but middle-aged people and of a few young people who have access to good old libraries and sense to like good old books better than bad modern ones. *Castle Rackrent*, indeed, is thought to have maintained a certain hold on cultivated readers by dint of the general impression (sounder than many other general impressions) that it contains about the most truthful view of Irish character yet put in black and white; but that is an adventitious kind of popularity. The others are by most people simply forgotten.

In any attempt to revive them it is particularly desirable to avoid the fault of overpraise, either direct or comparative. Miss Edgeworth, it may be frankly confessed, is an unequal, and therefore at times a disappointing, writer. She cannot for a moment pretend to the absolute perfection of workmanship within a certain range which distinguishes Jane Austen. Although infinitely more fertile, genial, and generally diverting, she lacks the caustic vigour of the best passages of Susan Ferrier. Nothing perhaps in her books gives such an idea of untaught and yet life-like drawing from the life as the Branghton scenes and a few others in the work of her predecessor and, no doubt, model, Mme. D'Arblay. But she has over all these, and still more over Mrs. Radcliffe, Mrs. Inchbald, and others, the advantage which has been particularized in Miss Ferrier's case—the advantage of range, fertility, variety, genial faculty of writing about all sorts of scenes and all sorts of characters. Mme. D'Arblay, as is well known, went from very good to middling good, and from middling good to not good at all, with a frightful regularity of declension. Miss Ferrier jealously confined herself to three books only. Mrs. Radcliffe shifted her grandiose *décor*s about with great skill, no doubt; but there were few of them, and the effect was not a little monotonous. It is doubtful whether even the incomparable Jane, had she lived, would have been able to do much more work of the kind of her six masterpieces. But Miss Edgeworth's *verve*, joined to her wide experience of life and her keen interest in it, gave her a kind of inexhaustibleness which is very refreshing. The supposed national faculty for blundering was softened in her to a kind of happy-go-lucky audacity of attempt which more frequently hit than missed, but which never troubled itself much about missing. Not of course that she took little pains with her work. Her apprenticeship under her eccentric father made that impossible, but she seems to have been as little cast down by literary failure as she was uplifted by literary success. The singular healthiness of her character, which made her take her experiences as a lion and her loss of leonine reputation with equal enjoyment of life, is thoroughly reflected in her books, and constitutes no small part of their charm.

These characteristics are well enough shown in the two collections of Tales "Moral" and "Popular" which open the Standard Edition. Of the two it may be said that the "Popular Tales" are the most uniformly readable, while the "Moral Tales" contain the best and highest work. Some foreign stories in the latter volume are respectable but slightly tiresome; for whenever Miss Edgeworth got hold of foreign life (of which, except as far as Paris went, she knew little or nothing) she was apt to be a good deal more moral than diverting. But the mishaps of the impulsive and unconventional "Forester," and the schoolboy scenes of "The Good Aunt," are delightful. "The Good French Governess" is, we regret to say for the credit of virtue, not one-tenth part as satisfactory as her reprobate pendant "Mademoiselle Panache," one of the liveliest character sketches of the *Hausfranzösinnen* to be found anywhere. The gem of the whole book is by accident or design placed exactly in the middle. Who that has ever read them can forget the woes of the romantic heroine of "Angelina; or, l'Amie Inconnue"?—how she flies from her unsympathetic guardian's house to the arms of a blue divinity with whom she has corresponded, how she finds the divinity after much toilsome search, and discovers her to be a vulgar and not too sober trollop, how she gets into difficulties with the law, and is at last rescued from her own folly by the good nature of a woman of the world who is also a woman of heart—a character which is always a very favourite one with the author. In hardly any short tale in English is the ball of humorous incident and conversation better kept up; and nothing of Miss Edgeworth's is better suited to introduce her to new readers. They see her, indeed, at nearly, if not quite, her best here; but it is a beat which reappears, if not so uniformly, in most of her other work; and the tale clearly strikes the key-note for which the reader must listen elsewhere. In the companion volume there is nothing quite so good, and the author has made the mistake of dealing largely with the English lower middle class, of which she did not know nearly as much as of the Irish peasantry, and of what may be called gentle society in both islands. But "Rosanna," which is Irish, is excellent; "Murad the Unlucky" not less so, and "The Limerick Gloves" perhaps the best of all.

It would, of course, be impossible to give in a couple of columns any complete *compte rendu* of a body of work which, rather closely printed, fills ten volumes, and it is rather the general character of Miss Edgeworth's books than the special literary features of each of them that we wish to bring out. Her chief novels, on a large scale, are five in number—*Belinda*, *The Absentee*, *Patronage*, *Ormond*, and *Helen*. The schemes of the first and last named are roughly similar; each turning on the prolonged visit of an unmarried girl to a young married couple, and her influence

for good on their life. *Belinda* is much the stronger book of the two, and contains a great deal of very forcible satire on the fast life of the day—the masculine Mrs. Lutridge being a person not of an age, but of all modern time. *Patronage*, a longer book than either—indeed the longest that Miss Edgeworth wrote, and not improved by its length—also deals with purely English life. Like nearly all novels with a purpose, it is not improved by its author's determination to exhibit in various forms and throughout a whole family the evils of the system she dislikes. But it contains some very amusing work in parts. The other two are mainly Irish in subject. *Ormond*, the most unequal of all Miss Edgeworth's larger stories, contains in its earlier part the unique and memorable sketch of King Corney of the Black Islands—an Irish squire of the best kind and of a kind now utterly extinct and never to be resuscitated. *The Absentee* is, on the whole, by far Miss Edgeworth's best novel. The sketches of English society with which it opens are light, lively, and not in the least conventional; the incognito-journey of Lord Colambre, the absentee's son and heir, to find out for himself the real condition of his Irish estates under the agent his father trusts, is singularly well managed, and the plot, if tasting somewhat of the artificial revolution-and-discovery system of the day, is well adjusted to the characters, who in their turn are, without exception, excellent. The novel stands as clearly at the head of Miss Edgeworth's longer stories as *Angelina* does at the head of her shorter ones.

In all, however, including the considerable number of pieces which we have no space to notice separately, and some of which may perhaps be skipped without great loss, her merit appears. Here and there the colours in the painting of manners and society may be a little faded, the sentiment may seem slightly vapid, the morality may strike the reader as adjusted to a conventional code which has gone out of convention. But, on the whole, the matter always retains the saving salt of humanity and reality, and the treatment always exhibits the freshness, the humour, the inventive quickness, the power of *seeing* which in different mixture and degree distinguish all work that deserves to live. The foolish, or worse than foolish, people who protest against the maxim "when a new book appears read an old one" forget, or rather wish others to forget, that there are infinite numbers of writers in the past who are not recommended for reading. In Miss Edgeworth's time, as in ours, scores of novels came from the press which were not worth reading, which the most diligent haunter of libraries finds it nowadays as impossible to read as he would have then found it impossible, except at the call of stern reviewing duty, and which he would never dream of recommending to anybody. Such writers gain nothing by age, and all the world knows it; the unfortunate thing is that the world is too apt to forget that the others—the writers like our present subject—lose nothing by age and even gain not a little.

ECONOMY AS A FINE ART.

ECNOMY—a word to which perhaps no exact synonym is to be found in the English language—has yet as many moods as a diamond has facets. Thrift and frugality, which most nearly approach in meaning, have not quite the same significance of "house-ruling." For it is of the private *oikos-vivus* that we propose to treat; political economy, or the art of ruling the house of the nation, having become a dead science, the very scorn and derision of modern statesmen. A story, well invented if not true, is told how the first Marquess of Anglesey, whose immense income had for many years been exceeded by his still more princely expenditure, was on a time informed by the estate trustee that he must contrive largely to restrain his extravagance. He replied that he would duly consider in what way he could best meet their wishes. Months elapsed, and there being no apparent alteration in his style of living, he was again remonstrated with, and reminded of his promise; whereupon he indignantly declared that he had pushed parsimony to its extremest limits, and had put down one housemaid at Beaudesert! Such haughty splendour of economy is in the earlier and best manner of our ancestors, and not to be approached by our puny endeavours; nevertheless, amongst us degenerate there are wide differences in the methods of practising what is now to most Englishmen an actual necessity rather than an ornamental display of virtue.

The first idea which usually presents itself to the ordinary male, on finding himself in reduced circumstances, is to deny somebody else something. If he is of an unostentatious character, his charities will probably be his first care. His name may quietly drop out of the subscription-list to hospitals and other benevolent Societies without attracting undue notice from the general public; and Associations—scientific, literary, artistic, or agricultural—unless they, or any of them, have become too much part of his life to be readily dispensed with, will suffer in due course.

Pensioners, if he has any, are notoriously immortal and difficult to deal with in the matter of reduction; but by skill something may be effected in this direction. These outside possibilities being exhausted, and demand being still in advance of supply, his attention must perforce be turned to domestic detail, and the budget of the home department be the object of a careful scrutiny. Here his wife's pin-money will probably bear the brunt of the first, though, if he be a wise economist, not of a direct attack. Women, as a rule, are prodigally unselfish; but they have their feelings, and the brutal expedient of withdrawal of income is to be deprecated,

and, if possible, avoided. A transference of burdens is a more delicate and far preferable method, and the payment of the weekly books, of the servants' wages, or of the coal and wine bill may be allotted to her with a reluctant grace which has the air of a compliment. The allowances to daughters, if unmarried, may be treated in a somewhat similar manner, though with less ceremony; but if there are husbands about, the process is apt to lead to unpleasantness, and partakes of the nature of a *coup d'état* only to be resorted to when the State is in gravest peril. With grown-up sons, again, the case is entirely different; they have a habit after the first row is over of apparently acquiescing and of doing without, or with less money; but the Nemesis of tradesmen's bills and disfavoured acceptances follows with such unfailing certainty that the most inconsequent parent will do well to pause before committing himself to a step of such thoroughly false economy. If, however, the boys are at school, there can be no reason why they should not be removed to a cheaper academy lest their prospects be injured by associating with those who have greater expectations than themselves. The girls' music, drawing, and dancing lessons will of course be at once suppressed, and if the wife has not yet shown temper, there is no reason why the governess should not be dismissed, and her duties discharged by Mamma, "who is really a far better teacher, and it will be so delightful both for her and the children." This Bill is not always read a second time without opposition. Mr. Punch has made us so thoroughly familiar with the various artifices by which the annual autumn trip for change of air may be denied to all but Paterfamilias, that this branch of artistic economy needs no further elucidation.

But it may well be that the malady is too far gone to yield to these comparatively simple measures, and a second diagnosis reveals the necessity for more heroic treatment. In the event of there being a town and country house, the former must be let if possible, the master taking a lodgings for the season as a *pied à terre* when business summons him reluctant to London (which it does pretty frequently) and also as being far cheaper than going to an hotel. As a consequence, the wife's carriage-horses and brougham may at once be sold, and the girls (this is the bitterest blow to the father's feelings) must give up riding. The gardens and the game come next under consideration; their order of respective abolition or reduction will depend upon whether the head of the establishment is fondest of flowers or pheasants; and sensible relief may be afforded to the exchequer in the department of woods and forests if the estate is a large one; as a rule, one-half of the workmen can be dispensed with, being merely employed because they minister to the importance and profits of the reeve. If, however, these sacrifices are insufficient, and economy has to be extended in the form of a diminution of numbers of the indoors staff, the contemplated step is one not to be undertaken with a light heart. Servants are not, as a rule, fond of having their wages lowered or their work increased, and, like rats, they have a habit of deserting a sinking ship. Few men have the courage of the *beni sabrew*, to whom allusion has already been made; therefore the housemaids had better be left alone, though an excuse may possibly be found for discharging the groom of the chambers, who need not be replaced; and the dismissal of a lady's maid, if there is more than one, is not beyond the resources of diplomacy. Beyond this, he would be a bold reformer who should venture on interference with the charmed circle of below-stairs.

And now at last the ruler of the house has come to an end of those economies which, though appreciable in his pass-book, do not too nearly concern his own comfort; and it may be well for him, ere he declares the budget incapable of further revision, to wind up with a bouquet of moral fireworks, to pose as the real martyr to poverty, to prove himself not only a man and a brother, but also a father and a husband—in a word, to deny himself something. But this crowning act, which is to establish the *bona fides* of his devotion to the cause he has so ably advocated, will, if he be the artist we have fondly imagined, take a form the lustre of which shall not be dimmed by too excessive a reality of inconvenience. He may, for instance, with a flourish of resignation, announce his intention of giving up, or, better still, the *fait accompli* of his having given up, his moor, his forest, his salmon river, or his yacht, while the fact of his having accepted an invitation to shoot, stalk, fish, or cruise, in the company and at the expense of some intimate and wealthy friend, need not be allowed to transpire till the moment of departure for these enjoyments draws near; while even then the saving to be effected by the disappearance of his share in household consumption may, judiciously enlarged upon, be made to appear the true motive of a prolonged absence.

These are the higher flights. Minor efforts—such as the selling of a couple of hunters if he is getting too lazy to go distances, or if his passion for the chase is subsiding; the diminution by half of his subscription to neighbouring packs for the same reasons—though to a certain degree useful, yet lack that impressiveness, which should, above all things, be the aim of him who, driven to retrenchment in his personal expenditure, wishes to cultivate economy as a fine art.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

WE have spoken elsewhere of the general and of the literary character of the late Archbishop Trench, but there are two other aspects under which he deserves to be specially remembered, as an ecclesiastic and as a divine. His *Sacred Latin Poetry*

marks the meeting point of his poetical and religious tastes. But from the first the theological, though hardly so much perhaps the ecclesiastical, element was prominent in his mind, and he must have found himself more completely in his natural sphere in the dignified and studious leisure of the Deanery of Westminster than as primate of a never very learned or peaceful and latterly of a Disestablished Church. Such works as his *Notes on the Parables*, and *Notes on the Miracles*, with their quiet thoughtfulness and deep patriotic spirit, would have a permanent value whatever position their author had occupied. Dr. Trench represented, in its most refined and cultured form, the leading traditions of the old High Church school, not excepting its decided anti-Roman bias—which was not likely to be modified by contact with the Hibernian variety of the article—though in Ireland of course he could not escape the charge of Romanizing, and a ridiculous rumour was somehow started last year, and eagerly re-echoed with screams of transport in the ultramontane journals, that he had become or was just about to become a Roman Catholic. But while very decided and perhaps sometimes rather one-sided in his propositions, he was never bitter or aggressive. In England at least he provoked no religious antagonism, on the one side or the other, although his own well-defined convictions were always frankly avowed. Writers and thinkers of his calibre are not too common in any age, and one can hardly repress a feeling of regret that some twenty years of the time and energies of such a scholar as he was should have been in one sense frittered away—we are far from saying wasted in another sense—in "fighting with beasts at Ephesus." His versatile successor at Westminster was no doubt a man of great literary distinction, but whether for grasp of theological knowledge or for soundness and depth of thought, Dr. Trench was incomparably superior to Dr. Stanley. The one skinned like a bird in graceful flight over the mere surface of religious and historical problems into the hidden core of which the other could penetrate. Bishop Wilberforce, not himself a man of all the same learning or philosophical insight, but with a keen and kindly appreciation of such qualifications in others, had early perceived the capabilities of Mr. Trench, and made him first his curate at Alverstoke, and afterwards his Examining Chaplain at Cuddesdon, which last office he continued to discharge up to the time of his preferment in 1856 to the Deanery of Westminster on the death of Dr. Buckland. For that, which is in some respects a unique position in the Church of England, Dr. Trench may be said to have possessed an ideal fitness. He was equal alike, and in a remarkable degree, to its social, intellectual, and ecclesiastical requirements, and he was also a weighty and impressive preacher. It was perhaps inevitable that such a man should be raised to the episcopate, and it was certain that his elevation would be justified by the event. But in any case his removal from the Deanery of Westminster could not fail in itself, for more reasons than one, to be matter of sincere regret.

What, through a curious combination of circumstances, actually took place was still more to be regretted. Dr. Trench had been offered an English bishopric by Lord Palmerston, and had accepted it, but by a strange—though not otherwise than characteristic—inadvertence the appointment was allowed to be gazetted before it had received the formal sanction of the Queen, which there is no reason to suppose would have been withheld. It had therefore of course to be cancelled, while at the same time there was an additional ground for the Government seizing the next suitable occasion to renew the offer of a mitre to Dean Trench. And unfortunately for himself, as we must venture to think, though not for the communion he was called to preside over at a critical period, the offer made was of the Archbishops of Dublin. When the same offer was made, between twenty and thirty years before, to his predecessor, Dr. Whately, he is said to have accepted it with the remark, "Well, then, I shall be the last Archbishop of Dublin." In the sense he intended he was the last but one; but in 1863 Disestablishment was supposed to be much less "within the range of practical politics" than two or three decades before, and it may fairly be questioned whether Dr. Trench would have felt it his duty to accept the post if he had foreseen all that his acceptance of it ultimately implied. He would probably in any case have preferred an English See, for the prevalent temper of the Irish Church was not exactly in harmony with his own, and so far as the diocese of Dublin had at all received the impress—we do not know that it had, to any appreciable extent—of the vigorous but essentially dry and unsympathetic mind of Archbishop Whately, that would assuredly not render the task of administering it more congenial to the devout temper of a successor deeply penetrated with the spirit of Christian antiquity. So much was obvious from the first, and we may well believe that it was more through the urgency of friends, and his own sense of the grave responsibility of declining such an offer, than from any personal inclination that Dr. Trench consented to exchange the *otium cum dignitate* of Westminster—a leisure which he understood so well how to turn to the best account—for the more exalted but also stormier and unrestful dignity of the Archbishops of Dublin. He may have known also that the Evangelical party, which of course was the dominant one there, had wished to have Bishop Fitzgerald for primate, and that he himself—though regarded in England as a typically moderate Churchman—passed for a kind of semi-Papist with Protestant zealots on the other side of St. George's Channel. "Have you any Tractarians in Ireland?" an Oxford Fellow once asked a clerical friend from across the water. "Oh, no," was the prompt

reply, "we have only the *real* thing there." And between "the *real* thing"—whose presence had to be endured as part of the great mystery of the existence of evil—and its extremist opposite they were not very tolerant of intermediate varieties. However Dr. Trench's Primary Charge was well received, and for two or three years matters seemed to be going on pretty smoothly, until—like thunder out of a clear sky, and as the avowed but singularly illogical consequence of the Clerkenwell outrage—there came the formal announcement of the impending crash.

Archbishop Trench was consecrated on New Year's day 1864; in 1868 Mr. Gladstone gave notice in the House of Commons of his scheme for Irish disestablishment. We do not propose to enter here on what has now become a question of abstract and historical interest, or to point out in detail—what has also unfortunately become historical—how conspicuously the result of the disestablishment policy, like that of its sequel in land legislation, has failed to justify the hopes of its authors, while it has more than realized the worst fears of its opponents. In point of fact those best able to form a trustworthy opinion are agreed that the net result of disestablishment, while it has benefited neither side materially or otherwise, has been very considerably to embitter existing religious animosities. And that is only natural. A disestablished Church in a country like Ireland is put on its mettle, so to say, to justify its existence by a display of proselytizing efficiency, and does not thereby make itself more acceptable to its rivals. With these matters however we are not here immediately concerned, except in so far as they increased the difficulties of Archbishop Trench's position at Dublin. It is one thing to be the primate of an Established Church in time of peace, quite another thing to be the primate and the first primate of a disestablished Church in the throes of dissolution and reconstruction. The hybrid body known as the Synod of the Disestablished Church, but which differs in important respects from any Synod known to ecclesiastical history, is scarcely—either in its constitution or its constituent elements—the sort of assembly Archbishop Trench would have voluntarily chosen to take any part in presiding over, and it says much for his tact and firmness and that of his brother primate of Armagh, the late Archbishop Beresford, that they succeeded to the extent they did, though by no means to the extent of their desires, in arresting the passionate zeal of an ignorant and turbulent faction whose conception of "reform" was virtually based on the somewhat crude but eminently Hibernian axiom, "the nearer to Rome, the further from God"—"Rome" standing of course for whatever did not precisely square with their own Protestant ideal. Being once enthroned at Dublin, it was clearly Dr. Trench's duty not to flinch from the new and onerous responsibilities thus unexpectedly thrust upon him. And the resolution unanimously passed by the Diocesan Synod on his resignation in 1884 certainly did not gain an inch beyond the literal truth in recognizing "the conscientious wisdom, the pious diligence, the great learning, and munificent liberality wherewith the Archbishop ruled his diocese during a difficult and trying period of 21 years." His friends and admirers may however feel tempted to grudge the tremendous cost, not simply of personal ease, but of probable literary and theological activity, at which that consummation was achieved, and will certainly regret that the dearly purchased repose of his evening of life should have been so very brief. Meanwhile it is consolatory to know that he has bequeathed to English learning and religion permanent contributions, which will perpetuate his memory when the unlovely ecclesiastical and political controversies to which he was reluctantly constrained to devote so large a portion of the labours of his later years are comparatively forgotten. Whatever future may await the Disestablished Church of Ireland—and he must be a bold man who would undertake to predict the future of any institution in that unhappy country—it will always be able to point with pardonable pride to the lofty character and literary genius of its first Archbishop of Dublin. In a paper inserted in Mr. Percy Thornton's *Harrow and its Surroundings* Dean Merivale claims for the Harrow Sixth Form Game at Cricket of 1823-4—in which he himself took part—the singular distinction of "comprising among its players two Archbishops that were to be, three Bishops, and one Dean—namely, Archbishops Trench and Manning, Bishops Perry, Charles Wordsworth, and Oxenden"—he might have added "and one Cardinal." Of that distinguished group of old Harrovians Archbishop Trench has been the first to pass away.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

IN memory of his death on the 27th of March, 1827, the larger half of last Saturday's programme consisted of Beethoven's music. The first three numbers of the programme, all important works, were arranged in due chronological sequence. With the beginning of the century, Beethoven began to be himself, and to feel his way along those paths which all subsequent musicians have followed. Gluck and Mozart were dead, Haydn lingered on some few years longer, and we, looking back, can see the man who was to shape the future standing, as it were, alone, between the world from which he came and that to which he was tending. Much that he did then bore the stamp of his true genius; an air from the ballet of *Prometheus*, composed in 1800, was subsequently used more than once, and notably as the most important feature in the Finale of the *Eroica* Symphony. Indeed, early as it is, the overture to *Prometheus*, with which this concert opened, is worthy

of Beethoven and, if not so astonishingly vigorous and so personally emotional as his later work, it is at least equally impregnated with dignity. Its rich and melodious introduction in slow time was nobly interpreted, and the rapid figures of the ensuing *Allegro* unfolded themselves in all their myriad nuances of firm and soft under the delicate precision of the execution. The Concerto for Violin, 1806, was, we believe, first popularized in England by the admirable artist to whom it was entrusted the other day at the Palace. It is needless to dilate upon the merits which distinguish Herr Joachim as an interpreter of Beethoven. Other violinists may have gifts as great, or at any rate as rare, as his; but no one, without being mechanical or dry, can exercise so dignified a reticence and so judicious a repression of all obtrusive personality. Without trick, without exaggeration or mannerism, and without inventing any expression of his own, he manages to enter as no one else can into the spirit of the composer, and, by this perfect comprehension and his matchless breadth of phrasing, he ensures a true and yet a vital execution of the loftiest and most impassioned music. Though a string broke near the beginning, and caused a chilling pause whilst the damage was repaired, the first movement was rendered with fire and enthusiasm. Both the orchestra and the soloist gave wonderful expression to a variety of effect extending from the menacing deliberation of single repeated notes to the full tide of grandly rolling rivers of sound. In the rapid hail of high notes in which he was sometimes involved, Herr Joachim was as perfectly clear in tone and fingering as he was in the simplest passages. The *Larghetto*, a complete contrast, showed new powers in the soloist, whether the violin accompanied the regularly marked main theme in its successive passage through different instruments, or whether it soared in aerial flights of its own above strange and sombre combinations of wind instruments. Nothing could have been at once more sprightly and more dignified than the way Herr Joachim led off the dancing theme of the final *Rondo*. Some of the orchestral effects of this number are lovely, as when the horns begin a sort of hunting fanfare beneath a long-held note of the violin, which presently glides from its immobility into the current of their triplets. The Cadence, Herr Joachim's own, though ingeniously constructed, is perhaps a little harsh in its general effect. On the whole, the Finale best exemplified the great violinist's various powers; by turns he was piquant, firm, flowing, and rich; and his high passages, whether of held notes or of runs, whether smooth or abrupt in expression, were all perfectly articulated in a clear tone of wonderful carrying power. Specially good was the performance of the Seventh Symphony, a work always well treated at the Palace. Refinement of tone and a clear and definite reading we are generally sure of there, and on this occasion we did not feel that slight want of nervous energy and delicacy of gradation which we have sometimes noticed in the Palace orchestra. The romantic character of the first movement and its many unexpected strokes of effect were all excellently felt and rendered. Amongst other crescendos, that strange one tending to the repeat of the subject in the first part was given with unwonted fire and expression. Perhaps the least marked success was the *Allegretto*, which did not stand out in the way it sometimes does. But *en revanche* the *Presto* was really marvellous, both in its rapidity and in its certainty of enunciation. The abrupt attack of its main theme, after the contrast of the trio, was very well managed. The smiling tranquillity of the trio, warbled on the wind beneath a high and long-sustained note on the violins, was excellent in effect, as was its passage into more mysterious colour just before the return of the *Presto*. Full justice, too, was done to the bold, energetic character of the Finale, and more especially its thundering conclusion.

Herr Joachim played three solos for violin by Schumann—*Gartenmelodie*, a slow pathetic air, whose windings he followed with every possible delicacy of nuance and every shade of expression; *Springbrunnen*, founded on the constant oscillation of an obstinate quick figure, he varied with shades of expression as a vast monotonous plain is diversified with the shadows of the scurrying clouds; and *Abendlied*, a lovely spiritual song, which he played with a rich, organ-like tone full of pathos. The vocalist, Miss Kate Flinn, has an unpleasant habit of straining her voice, which at times makes her high notes disagreeable. "Aus aller Herren Länder," six character pieces by Moszkowski, founded on rather common themes intelligently orchestrated, brought the concert to an end.

THE INDIAN BUDGET.

THE Indian Budget is much more satisfactory than at first sight it appears to be. Indian Budgets at all times require to be approached with some previous knowledge of Indian finance; but they especially require this when we have before us, not the full Budget statement itself, but a brief telegraphic summary of it. At the first blush, no doubt, it appears disappointing to be told that the year which ended on Wednesday last and the year before both closed with deficits; but, in the one case, there was a very sufficient reason for the result, and in the second the deficit is not real. Those of our readers who recollect the Budget statement that was made twelve months ago will probably remember that it was pointed out that about half a million of Land-tax which properly belonged to the year 1884-5 had been collected in the preceding year, and that, further, a sum of about 344,000l. which

ought to have been collected in 1884-5 was postponed till the following year, because of the partial failure of the monsoons and the consequent damage to the crops in the Presidencies of Bombay and Madras. We have thus a sum of about 850,000*l.* which ought to have been collected in 1884-5, and which was not. Granting that the 344,000*l.* which was postponed till the following year could not be collected in 1884-5, and, therefore, ought not to have been reckoned as part of the revenue of that year, there still remains the half-million which was collected by anticipation. But the total deficit of 1884-5 it now appears was only 386,446*l.* Consequently there was, even on this showing, a surplus upon the year. But this is not all. The outlay upon the opium crop of 1884-5 exceeded the estimate by nearly 600,000*l.* The opium crop of that year was exceptionally good, and the exceptional abundance largely increased the outlay. The crop, however, was not marketed in the year in which it was grown, and therefore the outlay was not recouped. Clearly, however, the outlay was in the nature of an investment. When the crop is sold, it will not only return the outlay, but also a handsome profit upon it. Therefore it would appear that in reality there was a surplus upon the year 1884-5 of at least three-quarters of a million sterling instead of a deficit of 386,000*l.* For the year which ended on Wednesday night the revised estimates show a revenue of 73,508,100*l.*, and an expenditure of 76,488,900*l.*, leaving a deficit of 2,890,800*l.*; but it will be in the recollection of our readers that during the year here under review the Indian Government was put to a very heavy expense because of the quarrel between our own Government and the Russian concerning the Afghan frontier. In reality, if the Indian Government has been able to defray all this extraordinary expenditure, and yet has to face no greater deficit than this, it has got over its difficulties in an extremely satisfactory manner. Our own Government had to add to its naval and military expenditure about ten millions sterling, and it has added twopence to the Income-tax; it has a deficit as large as the Indian; while it is notorious that the deficit of the Russian Government will prove very much larger. Even in normal years the Russian deficit is immense, and for the year 1885 that deficit has been greatly augmented. The Indian Government had to prepare two army corps to be ready to take the field, and it had to incur a large expense upon railways and other military works. If, therefore, its deficit is under three millions sterling, Indian finance is in a much more satisfactory state than many good judges were prepared to expect.

And the satisfactory state of Indian finance is shown still further in another way. For the year 1884-5 the whole revenue was only 70,690,681*l.*; but for the following year—the year that closed on Wednesday—the revised estimates, as already stated above, put the revenue as high as 73,508,100*l.*, showing an increase upon the actual receipts of the year before of as much as 2,817,419*l.* In other words, the increase in the revenue is about as much as the deficit. This is certainly a most satisfactory state of things, if we could only accept it as really true. But we have to bear in mind that in the year 1883-4 the difference between the actual results and the revised estimates exceeded a million, while in the year 1884-5 there is also a broad difference between the revised estimates and the actual results. It is to be feared, therefore, that the revised estimates of the year which has just ended cannot be accepted without a liberal allowance for error. The revised estimates, our readers will understand, are based partly upon actual results and partly upon estimates. The Budget statement is made in the middle of March—within a fortnight, therefore, of the end of the financial year. By that time the Finance Minister ought to have before him the actual results for eleven months of the year, and he ought to have so much information respecting the way in which the receipts are coming in and the expenditure is going on as to be able to form a very close estimate as to what the final result will be; yet, as a matter of fact, we find that in the two last years the revised estimates erred by more than a million in one case and by several hundreds of thousands of pounds in another. Bearing in mind that the real difficulty in India is financial, this is a most unsatisfactory state of things. In India we have the means of raising armies that would crush any possible combination of enemies, if only the finances of India would allow of such armies being maintained in the field and moved freely. The real difficulty, as we have said, is financial. All the care possible, therefore, ought to be given to the finances; and yet so loose is the supervision that, speaking within little more than a fortnight of the end of the year, the Finance Minister is liable to err by as much as a million sterling. We are afraid, therefore, that we must warn our readers to expect that the deficit on the year just ended will be considerably more than it is stated to be in the revised estimates. Passing, in the last place, to the estimates for the year that began on Thursday, we find the revenue to be set down at 75,798,700*l.*, and the expenditure at 75,616,500*l.*, showing an estimated surplus of 82,200*l.* We saw above that, according to the revised estimates, the revenue of the year just ended exceeded the revenue of the year before by 2,817,000*l.* We find now, according to the Budget estimates, that the revenue of the new year is expected to exceed the revenue of the year just ended by 2,291,000*l.* We ought to add, however, that of this excess 800,000*l.* will come from new taxation—from the Income-tax, in fact, that has just been imposed—while 400,000*l.* is taken from the surplus of the provincial revenues. From the 2,291,000*l.* we have thus to deduct 1,200,000*l.*, leaving the anticipated increase of revenue about a

million sterling. The telegraphic summary before us does not state under what heads this growth is expected; but we are told that the increase in the salt duties is disappointing—that, in fact, the consumption of salt is almost stationary. We are also told, however, that there is a large increase in the receipts from the railways.

The near approach of Russia to the Indian frontier has compelled the Indian Government to adopt a policy of preparation which adds about two millions a year to its military expenditure and its outlay upon defensive railways. It would be out of place here to discuss whether the increase is sufficient for the purpose, closely as military and financial considerations are connected with one another; but we may observe that even the most economical will be forced to admit that, considering the circumstances, an increase of two millions is not excessive. While the expenditure is thus increased two millions annually, the addition to the taxation is for the present only 800,000*l.* The Finance Minister hopes that this will be sufficient. For the new year, as already stated, he takes 400,000*l.* from the provincial revenues; but in future years he trusts that the growth of revenue will cover the expenditure. If this proves to be the case it will be highly encouraging; for it is to be recollect that not only are two millions annually added to the military and railway expenditure, but likewise that the Famine Reserve Fund is maintained. The Minister, however, does not conceal from himself that the Budget for the new year is largely experimental, and he warns us, therefore, that it may be necessary to revise it. His fear is mainly based upon the state of the silver market. So far as can be judged from the summary before us, he is satisfied that the financial state of India would be in every respect satisfactory could there be some assurance that the value of silver would not fall further. But of course no such assurance is possible, and, indeed, it is by no means improbable that the value of silver may fall further. For example, Sir A. Colvin, in estimating the amount which it will be necessary for the India Council to draw during the new year, takes the value of the rupee at 1s. 6d.; but the value of the rupee even to-day is fractionally under 1s. 6d., and a thousand accidents might drive it considerably lower. For instance, if the Congress of the United States were to repeal the Bland Act it would certainly fall further; and it would fall very much further if France were to announce that she intended to demonetize silver. But if silver were to fall much more, the loss by exchange to India would, of course, be heavier, and consequently the revenue would be insufficient to cover the expenditure. Therefore Sir A. Colvin tells us that his Government has urged upon the Imperial Government "the necessity of seeking, in concert with the Great Powers and the United States, the solution of the silver difficulty." We presume that Sir A. Colvin means by this that he has advised the British Government to call a Conference at which the European Powers and the United States would be represented; but it is not easy to see what object a Conference of the kind would serve. Quite recently we have had several such Conferences, and they have ended in nothing. The nations of the Latin Union and the United States have required that both Germany and England should adopt bimetallism, and both England and Germany have refused to do so. There is a very general impression, indeed, that Prince Bismarck would not be unwilling if England would consent; but there is nothing to show that any of our own Ministers are willing to adopt bimetallism. And if Ministers and Parliament are not willing to adopt bimetallism, it is difficult to see what good object could be served by a new Silver Conference. India has offered frequently to undertake not to demonetize silver for a definite number of years if the nations of the Latin Union and the United States would freely coin the metal. But the nations of the Latin Union and the United States do not regard such a stipulation as sufficient. They insist that the United Kingdom itself shall make silver legal tender. The real question, then, is whether the people of this country are prepared to change their monetary system for the sake of relieving the Indian Government from its difficulties through the loss by exchange. Perhaps they might be induced to do so if the matter were simply one for relieving India. But it is to be recollect that in raising the value of silver, while they would certainly relieve the Indian Government from some of its difficulties, they would, on the other hand, injure the mercantile community. The great development of the export trade of India in recent years is largely due to the fall in silver, and were silver to rise, the exporting power of India would be correspondingly diminished.

RACING.

THE racing season which has just opened promises to be one of unusual interest. It is true that most of the horses in training are very backward, through their work having been interfered with by the prolonged frost and snow; but, thanks to tangalops and other contrivances, a large proportion of them are more forward than many people might suppose.

Last year the form shown by the three horses placed for the Lincolnshire Handicap, and that of the winner of the Brocklesby Stakes, turned out to be of exceedingly high class, and acted as a sort of foundation to the racing of the season; but it would be very unwise to depend unreservedly on the form shown at Lincoln last week. The flat-racing of the year began very brilliantly in

the first race of the meeting with a dead-heat; nor was it a dead-heat secured unexpectedly at the last moment. On the contrary, the two three-year-old fillies, Fiddler's Wife and Boadicea, ridden by F. Barrett and T. Loates, fought out every yard of the race from below the distance to the winning-post. The Bathurst Stakes of 700*l.* was won, after a pretty race, by the three-year-old Hawkeye, who had been a wretched performer last year. On the second day of the meeting nine two-year-olds ran for the Brocklesby Stakes of 914*l.*, and it was pretty generally agreed that every one of them looked considerably inferior to The Bard, the winner of this race last year. A good deal of interest was taken in the appearance of a couple of colts by the young stallion Peter. These were St. Pierre and Alarm, the first and second favourites; but they did not inspire their critics with unqualified admiration, and St. Pierre ran very moderately from the start to the finish, running third, three lengths behind the leading pair; while Alarm, after beginning well, finished fourth. The race lay between April Fool, a filly by Wenlock, and Tiara, a very small filly by Beaudesert; and there was a very close battle between the pair, F. Barrett winning with the former by a head.

The day on which the Lincolnshire Handicap was run would have been considered a fine one even for a Derby, and a field of twenty-two horses left nothing to be desired for the race so far as numbers were concerned. Nor was quality wanting in the competitors, for at least Florence, Necromancer, Royal Hampton, Crafton, and Despair were of sufficiently high class to be worthy of any race-course. About twenty minutes were wasted at the post by a series of tedious false starts, one of the principal offenders being Runnymede, who showed a good deal of temper, and when the actual start took place was left behind. When the flag fell Mr. Naylor's Fulmen, the fourth favourite, was the first off, and made the running, followed by the lightly-weighted five-year-old Ordoviz and by Phœbus, who had never won a race. Then came Despair, the third favourite, and after him Bread Knife, the first favourite himself. This three-year-old colt had won four races last year, and his only defeat had been by The Bard, who beat him by a neck only. His admirers had expressed regret that he was unentered for the approaching Two Thousand and Derby, and it was thought exceedingly probable that he would at any rate win this the first great handicap of the season. Lonely, the winner of last year's Oaks, was also lying forward, and Royal Hampton, who was not looking quite as fit as could have been wished, was in a good position in the early part of the race. The very heavily weighted Florence had a good place over the first half of the course, but she had nothing to do with the finish. On reaching the rails Ordoviz, who had been running next to Fulmen, was beaten. As they drew near to the distance, Despair looked very threatening. Every one knows that he is one of the fastest horses in training, and every one knows still better that he almost invariably throws up the game when it comes to a struggle; but there had been a rumour that a foreign horse-tamer had cured his cantankerous temper; moreover, he looked more forward in his condition than many of his rivals, so when he appeared to be coming to the front on nearing the distance, there was a loud cry of "Despair wins!" It was hardly uttered, however, before the brute curled up in his usual fashion, and refused to take any further part in the contest. Meanwhile, Fulmen, who had held the lead from the start, was challenged by Bread Knife; but, although the first favourite obliged Fulmen to gallop, he could not beat him, and but barely secured the second place in the race; for Cohort, who came with an extraordinary rush at the last moment, was only a head behind him at the winning-post. Fulmen, who held the lead from the starting-post to the winning-post, and won by a length and a half, has not been altogether a satisfactory horse to his owners. He won but one race for Count Bathurst, and the Lincolnshire Handicap is the only race that he has won for Mr. Naylor since he gave 5,000 guineas for him three years ago. This race was worth 1,634*l.*, and Fulmen started at the good odds of 100 to 7; but, between his cost price, his expenses, and the many disappointments he has given his backers, it is not unlikely that there may still be a heavy debtor account against him. It will be remembered that he was a strong favourite for the Lincolnshire Handicap two years ago, and that an accident in his stable shortly before the race not only prevented his running, but also injured him in such a manner that it was doubted whether he would ever run again. Bread Knife's performance was a very creditable one, for he was receiving 7 lbs. less than weight-for-age from the winner.

The largest field that has run for the Grand National Steeple-chase for more than twenty years came out at Aintree yesterday week. Twenty-three horses went to the post, and they began to tumble at the first fence. The falling went on at short intervals throughout the race, and more than a third of the field came to grief. Roquefort, the winner of last year, over-jumped himself when his chance looked very promising. At the very last hurdle Savoyard, who was side by side with Old Joe, fell heavily, giving his rider concussion of the spine and laceration of the muscles of the neck, so Old Joe won an easy victory. Both the winner and Savoyard had been outsiders at 25 to 1. Old Joe was originally purchased for 30*l.*, and although he had won several races, until his victory in the Grand National he had been looked upon rather as a good jumper and stayer than as a brilliant horse.

The first day at Northampton was terribly stormy, cold, and wet. Nine two-year-olds came out for the Althorp Park Stakes. As in the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln, one of the young Peters

was first favourite. This was a colt called Vatican, and he was no more successful than his half-brothers had been in the previous week. The race was won by Baron de Rothschild's colt, by Hermit out of Brie (a well-topped youngster, but with very little bone below the knee), who was admirably ridden by Cannon. The Duke of Portland's rather undersized filly Hope, by Sterling, was only beaten by a head; but she had had a clear berth, whereas the winner had been shut in at a critical part of the race. On the following day Vatican was made first favourite a second time, when he ran for the Ascot Plate, and for the second time he was beaten, running fourth only to Baron Hirsch's neat little colt Berber, by Reverberation, who made the running from end to end. The Great Northamptonshire Stakes was won by Lord Hartington's Sir Kenneth, who had been beaten eight lengths the day before by Kimbolton for the St. Liz Welter Handicap, after starting first favourite.

Hermit still holds his place at the head of the stallions. Last year his stock won over 27,000*l.* in stakes, and the average prices made by his yearlings is returned in *Ruff's Guide* at 1,706 guineas. By the successes of only two of his sons, Melton and Pearl Diver, Master Kildare was credited with more than 13,000*l.*, and the children of Sterling earned about the same amount. For a sire whose stock were running for the first time, Bend Or had a wonderful season, for over 7,000*l.* was won by his two sons Kendal and Ormonde. His old rival, Robert the Devil, could only boast of winners to something less than half that amount; but he beat Bend Or in the sums realized by his yearlings. Lord Lyon, who had been under a cloud, and got only one foal last year, had the winnings of his progeny run up to some 10,000*l.*, chiefly through the instrumentalities of Minting; the returns of the stock of Muncaster were brought to within a few hundreds of the same figure mainly by the performances of Saraband. Petrarch's name as a stallion has been made famous by The Bard, and he ranks high among the winning sires with a gain of more than 12,000*l.* on the season.

Little more than a month ago we had a proof of the popularity of racing in America by the high prices realized for Mr. Piero Lorillard's stud at New Jersey. Twenty-seven horses were sold, and they averaged about 5,520 dollars apiece. The choicest lots were brought out first, and number one, a three-year-old filly called Dewdrop, by Falsetto, made 29,000 dollars. Pontiac, by Pero Gomez, who was considered very far from a first-class horse during his racing career in England, brought in 17,500 dollars. A large proportion of the horses sold were by Mortemer, and the highest price made by one of his stock was obtained for Winfred, a three-year-old, who sold for 13,000 dollars.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

HOW much of the lottery there is in the production of a new play is shown by the promise of popularity which attended the first performance of *The Schoolmistress*, a new three-act farce by Mr. Pinero, which has been acted at the Court Theatre. Many better plays have been received with derision, and have unmistakably failed at once. The leading necessity of a play of any kind, from tragedy downwards, is an intelligible story which shall sustain at least some sort of mild attention, if interest cannot be aroused. But *The Schoolmistress* has no story. The plot has been described as slight; but this is not accurate, for in truth there is no plot. If any curiosity be felt as to what will happen next, it is because no end is foreshadowed, and anything may happen. Were an attempt to be carried out to trace the links which run through the three acts, the reader would be left wondering how it could possibly have come to pass that from the rise to the fall of the curtain audiences laugh. Yet such is the case, and the critic has to search for an explanation. The characters in themselves, with one doubtful exception, are neither new nor striking, and as for their actions Mr. Pinero seems to have had no definite plan when he began to write. A number of quaint incidents he had devised, but he had no scheme for their connexion. He could furnish his characters with any quantity of jests, however; he knew that his piece would be in the hands of players who well understood how to give an air of briskness and humour to the various episodes, and he trusted everything to spirited dialogue, a clever company, and luck.

In the vague sketch which, as we suspect, formed the basis of the play, it was probably intended that the Schoolmistress, who supplies a name for the piece, should be a prominent character. She is a certain Miss Dyott, Principal of Volumnia College for the Daughters of Gentlemen, or so she is generally called; for, in fact, she has married the Hon. Vere Quenckett, the penniless brother of an impecunious earl. To minister to his extravagances she has to make money where and how she can, and, having a good voice, she has accepted an engagement to fill the leading part in a comic opera. There is here, it will be seen, promise of good material. The idea of the sedate mistress of a girls' school prancing about on the stage as a comic princess has in it the possibility of fun, but little or nothing comes of it, and Miss Dyott practically fades out of the story after the first act, to be only incidentally employed in the third. The author devotes himself to Quenckett and the girls who are left to spend their Christmas holiday with him in the school. One of these girls, Dinah, is actually married to a boy who persuaded her to make an ill-advised expedition with him to the Registrar, and in the absence

of Miss Dyott, the most sprightly and mischievous of the pupils, Peggy Heslerigge, obliges Queckett to turn what he had proposed as a little bachelor entertainment to a friend, and anybody the friend might bring (for Queckett is not proud of his bride, and does not wish his real state to be known), into a party. The comicality of the situation arises in a great measure from the fact that one of the guests is Admiral Ranking, Dinah's father, who, having been absent on duty for some years, does not recognize his daughter. Here Mr. Pinero makes play with some effect. This episode serves well enough, but it leads to nothing of importance; and as an expedient for ending the second act with vivacity the page is supposed to have set the house on fire while indulging his craze for fireworks. As the guests at Queckett's party are about to escape through the windows, the Schoolmistress, for the sake of a moment's surprise, is made to return in her stage dress, and then the characters are all conveyed to the house of Admiral Ranking, near at hand, the Admiral's wife having offered shelter. Here the scene of the last act is laid; but there are no complications to be unravelled, no difficulties to be smoothed. The aimlessness of the whole farce is here more than ever made plain. The ingenuity displayed is merely the evasion of collapse.

And yet at the moment *The Schoolmistress* is amusing. It does not bear reflection. We can scarcely remember what it has all been about, and what we do recall excites a wonder why it diverted. To the delivery of the author's verbal good things, and the treatment of his grotesque incident by a well-skilled company, the success of *The Schoolmistress* must be attributed. The Schoolmistress herself, Mrs. John Wood, does little for the result. Her part is a poor one, no doubt, and perhaps it was not possible to make it appear less poor by any happy treatment. Miss Norreys, as the mischievous schoolgirl, Peggy Heslerigge, is, on the other hand, well provided. Her undisciplined high spirits and impulsiveness are presented in the most unconventional manner. Mr. Arthur Cecil is Queckett, a part which has little intrinsic comicality, but is made entertaining by the circumstances of the piece. There are neat details in the performance. The part, such as it is, does not lack consistency. It is Mr. Clayton, however, on behalf of whom the author has been most fortunate. His Admiral Ranking is the freshest personage in the farce. The actor is well disguised by the arts of the dressing-room, and by his complete assumption of the character. The Admiral thinks before he speaks, and makes up his mind slowly; but when it is made up, he is firm in his opinions. Ranking, while certainly no less amusing than any of his companions, raises the farce to the level of comedy. Mr. W. Phillips, as a page-boy, does justice to a very amusing scene.

THE WAR SONG OF THE RADICAL PHILHELLENE.

(*After Byron—At a disrespectful distance.*)

[Δεῦτε, παιδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων,
βίσος ὃς ἡ πόστοις λία κάν
κῆπ φρόμ κώνδυκτον μάτι μόστ βῆ νῶ
τὸ δισπληγές θὲ Γράνθ' Ωλδ Μάν.]

SONS of the Greeks, our eyes
Are on your little State;
We view with pained surprise
The move you meditate.

Chorus.

Sons of the Greeks! to go
In arms against the foe
Would be just now, you know,
Inopportune indeed.

Your glorious uprising,
Are you aware, my friends?
Is gravely jeopardizing
Your patron's private ends.

With Philhellenic fervour
He burns, and so do I,
As any close observer
May, if he can, descry.

Gladly would he, I take it,
Extend support to you,
If he could only make it
Convenient so to do.

But asking him to father
Your game, with his to play,
Sons of the Greeks, is rather
A strongish order, eh?

Chorus.

Sons of the Greeks, &c.

Yet, O ye patriots banded!
Sons of the Greeks, I own'
There has been, to be candid,
A certain change of tone.

I've not forgot full surely,
Nor shall I all my life,
How somewhat prematurely
I woke the Spartan life.

I made a bold diversion,
Leonidas-like; but he—
He went in for coercion,
And left me up a tree.

And so amid back numbers,
From which I do not quote,
Now, hushed for ever, slumbers
That hasty battle-note.

Chorus.

Sons of the Greeks, &c.
Well, to correct my blunder,
The least that I can do
Is just to preach knock-under
Perpetually to you.

And, after all, there's reason
In a filibustering raid,
For which 'tis not the season,
To seek our Gladstone's aid.

He's not at leisure, is he?
To cut up other Powers,
Just now when he's so busy
Carving this realm of ours.

Though loth then, I assure you,
To stay the lifted cup,
I solemnly adjure you,
Sons of the Greeks, dry up!

Chorus.

Sons of the Greeks, &c.

REVIEWS.

HISTOIRE DES PRINCES DE CONDÉ.—III. & IV.*

AS the House of Condé stood pre-eminent among the princely families of Europe, so in the Duc d'Aumale it has found an historian pre-eminently worthy to record its splendid career. With special opportunities of arriving at the truth, he combines the art of using his materials to the best advantage; his arrangement is admirable; his narrative, while free from any kind of meretricious adornment, is bright, and sometimes almost dramatic, and his style a good example of the dignified ease that marks the productions of the best class of academic historians. The second volume of this History brought down the life of Henri II. de Bourbon to the assassination of his cousin, Henri IV., which took place while the Prince was residing as an exile or refugee at Brussels; the two volumes before us contain the continuation, and virtually the remainder, of his career, and some part of the life of his son, the Duc d'Enghien, or, as he is called here, in accordance with the older form of his title, the Duc d'Anguien, "Le Grand Condé." In many respects the two men present a singular contrast to each other, for the Prince had no love and no talent for war. Cautious, greedy, and exhibiting greater aptitude for money matters than for either military or political action, he was a strange father for such a son as the victor of Rocroy and of Lens. His life is marked by a great change, the effect of his imprisonment. Up to the time of his arrest he was the centre of disaffection, unstable, and, though often taking the right side, generally led by motives of self-interest. The grants by which the Queen-Mother sought to purchase the acquiescence of the party of the Princes only whetted their avarice, her Spanish policy was distasteful to them, and they saw with disgust the whole management of affairs in the hands of a clique devoted to the alliance with Spain, and dominated over by the foreign adventurer Concini, the Maréchal d'Ancre. Reasonable as their discontent was, they made it subordinate to their selfish ends. Although Condé showed some tact in upholding the cause of the "Tiers Etat" in the States-General of 1614, his frivolity made him contemptible. The Government had nothing to fear from his banquets to the townsfolk and young lawyers of Paris. "Je vois ce que c'est," the Prince once said to Sully; "vous voulez faire une affaire d'Etat de mes ballets. Non pas, repartit brusquement le vieux ministre, ce sont vos affaires d'Etat que je prends pour des ballets" (iii. 49). The attempts of the Princes against the Regency were, indeed, so feebly conducted that they would have been of little moment had not the Government been equally feeble, and had not a constant encouragement to intrigue been presented by the virtually independent State formed by the Huguenots. Although generally kept in check by Lessiguères, the Huguenots joined in the warlike movements—they can scarcely be called war

* *Histoire des Princes de Condé pendant les XVI^e. et XVII^e. siècles.*
Par M. le Duc d'Aumale, de l'Académie Française. Avec Portraits gravés
sous la direction de M. Henrquel-Dupont. Tomes III. et IV. Paris :
Calmann-Lévy. 1866.

[April 3, 1886.]

—that took place on the marriage of the King. For the moment it seemed as though Condé would tread in the steps of his father and grandfather. He was pacified by enormous grants, and the Treaty of Loudun was followed by a fresh apportionment of the spoils of the plundered nation. He reaped the reward of his own selfishness; for when at last Marie de Médicis had him imprisoned, his arrest caused no movement either among the other Princes or among the Huguenots, and even Paris generally received the news with apathy. His imprisonment lasted for three years. On his release he adopted a wholly new course of conduct. From that time onwards he steadily upheld the authority of the Crown, and though he remained as self-seeking as ever, engaged in no more intrigues. "Aujourd'hui il va inaugurer pour sa maison une politique nouvelle, quitter ce rôle de chef de parti que son aïeul soutenait avec tant d'ardeur et d'intrepétidité, que rien ne justifiait plus et qui, d'ailleurs, était au-dessus de ses forces; en un mot, se montrer sujet docile et fidèle serviteur de l'Etat" (iii. 109). Working in harmony with the King's favourite, De Luynes, and against his old enemy, Marie de Médicis, he opposed the party of "les Grands," and partly at least to serve his own ends, persuaded the King to make war on the Huguenots. In the conduct of this war he showed his lack of military genius; though not deficient in personal courage, he had no dash, he was irresolute, and incapable of planning or carrying out any operation of magnitude. Richelieu's accession to power condemned him to a period almost of disgrace, which he spent wearily enough in Berry, the province of which he was governor, hunting, sitting long at table, consulting with his stewards, and prosecuting his numerous law suits. When at last he was employed in the Huguenot war of 1628, he did little to distinguish himself. The spirit in which he made the campaign was wholly contrary to the policy of the Cardinal, "pour lui l'ennemi était moins le rebelle que le protestant." He destroyed many small towns in Languedoc, wasted the country, and put many persons to death; he left the province in a state of irritation, the greater towns in arms, and Rohan more powerful than ever. Some interesting particulars are given of the relations between Burgundy, where Condé was made governor in 1631, and Franche-Comté at the time when France for the first time took an open part in the Thirty Years' War. The consequences of the Prince's failure at Dôle were almost retrieved by the heroic defence of Saint-Jean-de-Losne, where a mere handful of men repulsed the Imperial army. Wrangell died before the little town, and Mercy raised the siege. Some part of this brilliant success is attributed by the Duc d'Aumale to the vigilance of the Prince, who certainly acquitted himself better as the governor of a province than in any other capacity. He was engaged in repairing the damage done by the invasion of Gallas, when, much to his disgust, he was ordered to take the command of the army in Guyenne. His unwillingness to obey this order was justified by its results, for the defeat of the French at Fontarabie and the loss of Salces again illustrated his incapacity for war. Meanwhile the government of Burgundy was given to his son, the Duc d'Anguien, then in his seventeenth year.

Louis Duc d'Anguien passed his early years apart from his parents, for his father would not have him at his Court at Bourges, and would not trust him to so fashionable a lady as the Princess, who lived at the Hôtel de Condé—"l'air de la cour, disait-on, lui était nécessaire." Nevertheless the Prince took deep interest in the boy's education. The record of the youth of the great captain is very pleasant to read as it is told here. We have pictures of the child of seven making his little playmates a Latin speech as he leads them to a mimic battle, and of the boy living under the somewhat strict supervision of the Jesuits established by his father at Bourges; for since his imprisonment the Prince had been devoted to the Order. There the classical studies were pursued to good effect, so that in after years, when he received the keys of Mayence from the Dean, the young conqueror was able to answer the congratulations of the Chapter in a Latin speech which all the clergy and people of the city admired greatly, as indeed they were bound to do under the circumstances. His special training as a soldier was acquired at the Académie Royale, lately transformed into a military school; and during the year he spent there, the Princess, much to his father's uneasiness, introduced him into fashionable society. In his first campaign as a volunteer at the siege of Arras, while he did good service in a cavalry skirmish, he had his pencil and note-book in his hand as often as his sword; for he lost no opportunity of studying military science. An admirable sketch of the composition of the French and Spanish armies, of the rival systems of tactics, and of the work of the Great Condé in introducing the reforms of Gustavus and Maurice of Nassau into the French army, forms a kind of preface to the narrative of the three first campaigns of Anguien. While the Duc d'Aumale writes military history with a clearness only to be attained by one well versed in the profession of arms, he avoids all needless technicalities, and describes the battles of his hero in language that cannot fail to stir the spirit of the reader. Among many passages of great power, the one that strikes us most is that in which he pictures how, when the famous Spanish regiments, the *tercios viejos*, stood face to face with the already victorious enemy, their old leader, too weak to rise from his chair, still kept his place at the corner of the phalanx while his troops received the charges of the French, and at each charge gave the signal to fire by raising his cane (iv. 115). The importance of the battle is well marked. Both Rocroy and Nordlingen were won with troops that had been dispirited by defeat; at Rocroy the brunt of the fray was borne by the cavalry, and the French infantry gained

confidence and spirit. The charges brought against Anguien's conduct as general-in-chief are answered not wholly to our satisfaction, for the fact remains that he was off no one knew where in pursuit of the left wing of the enemy when his own left was broken and his centre forced to give way. Nor would he, on his return to the field, have found himself in time to retrieve these disasters had not Sirot persisted in setting aside the orders to retreat given by La Vallière. In comparing him with his great rival Turenne, the Due d'Aumale says:—"Le génie que Condé tenait de Dieu avait été fécondé par l'étude—l'étude persévérente et habilement dirigée; cinq ans de pratique des affaires lui avaient donné la maturité . . . Pour connaître Turenne il faut le suivre jusqu'à Salzbach. Chez celui-ci, chaque jour marque un progrès; aucune leçon n'est perdue; la prudence était de son tempérament; la réflexion lui donna l'audace; sa dernière campagne sera la plus hardie et la plus belle" (iv. 249). The general who never ceased to learn was surely the greater of the two, but it is impossible to accept Rocroy as a proof of mature genius. It is often said that during the three days' fighting at Fribourg Anguien showed that he had no great strategical talent, and that he wantonly sacrificed the lives of his men. The Duc d'Aumale in the course of a wonderfully clear account of this terrible struggle points out that he won his success with a heterogeneous mass of troops, for the old regiments of Rocroy were wasting their time elsewhere under the command of Monsieur. He proves that Ramsay and his copyists are wrong in saying that the direct attack on the lines of Mercy was made against the judgment of Turenne, and he defends the fearful sacrifice of life caused by the attack on the Josephsberg:—"Il [le Duc d'Anguien] ne croyait pas avoir assez affaibli Mercy pour tenter de défilier devant un tel ennemi, qui, bien posté, pouvait choisir le moment et donner dans le flanc de son adversaire par le débouché de la Dreisam" (iv. 355). A higher proof of Anguien's ability even than his conduct on the field of battle is, however, to be found in his refusal to obey the order to besiege Fribourg after these engagements, and in the design and execution of his campaign against the Rhine towns. The present instalment of this History ends with the battle of Nordlingen, which, though often described as a barren success, was, as is here pointed out, of the highest political importance; it saved the allies of France, and broke the military power of Bavaria; it stands in close relation to the later successes of Turenne in Bohemia and Bavaria, and so to the Peace of Westphalia. We look forward with much interest to the continuation of this charming book, to the story of the last battle of the war, the crowning victory of Lens, and to the light we expect will be thrown on the shifting scenes of the Fronde. For the present it only remains for us to thank the Due d'Aumale for the pleasure he has already given us, and to call attention to the exquisite beauty of the two engravings—the portraits of the Prince and the Due d'Anguien—contained in these volumes; it is not too much to say of them that they are fully worthy of the work they serve to adorn.

TWO NOVELS.*

THE title of *Fortune's Wheel* correctly describes its contents. The fortune of Mr. David Moray, "the lord of those barren grandeur of Glenconan" so exhaustively described by Mr. Shand, revolves with almost bewildering completeness. In its sweeping course, which is not dogged by the demon of probability, but obeys laws of its own, it affords Mr. Shand abundant opportunity for displaying his pretty talent of description. We do not know where Glenconan may be. But if any of Mr. Shand's readers lay down his book with an imperfect knowledge of that property, it will not be the fault of Mr. Shand, but the consequence of injudicious skipping. *Fortune's Wheel*, however, is far from being a picture of still life. There is in it abundance of adventure, and there are some passages which would not have disgraced the untrammeled imagination of Mr. W. H. G. Kingston. Apart from Mr. Moray's wealth, which is as undeniable, if not as disgusting, as Warrender's (see Lord Beaconsfield's Correspondence), the main interest of *Fortune's Wheel* is centred in the efforts of two young men, Jack Venables and Ralph Leslie, to secure the affections of Miss Grace Moray. Leslie is a popular poet, approved by Mr. Browning. Venables becomes private secretary to the Lord Privy Seal. We have a good deal of Jack's conversation, whence we gather that he was a lively bore of the first water. However, he succeeds, and though it is easy to succeed in a novel, there is nothing which even in a novel succeeds like success. It should be said that both the poet who becomes a private secretary and the private secretary who becomes an Irish member are overflowing in all kinds of noble sentiments, and slightly overstocked with the cardinal virtues. The rejected suitor consoles himself with admirable promptitude for the loss of Miss Moray, and, with a single brief exception, prosperity reigns throughout the book. Moray is, indeed, at one moment left a particularly "bare trustee," owing to the failure of a bank in which he was the legal owner of shares on behalf of Ralph Leslie's mother. But the most credulous reader sees at once that he will be set on his legs

* *Fortune's Wheel*. A Novel. By Alexander Innes Shand, Author of "Against Time," "Letters from West Ireland," &c. 3 vols. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1886.

Kate Percival. By Mrs. J. Comyns Carr, Author of "North Italian Folk" &c. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

again directly, though perhaps only the hardened student of fiction is prepared to see the ruined laird immediately provided with a salary half as large as a Cabinet Minister's, and invited to spend as much more as he likes in entertaining his friends. To be sure it is in Sumatra. But one can't have everything, and as Moray had made his money in China, he was understood to be well acquainted with "the East." Purple and fine linen shed a glamour over Mr. Shand's pages. None of his characters, except gillies, who refuse more than a handful of sovereigns at a time, ever drink anything but champagne and Lafitte. The social and financial adventures of Jack Venables are more to our taste than any other part of *Fortune's Wheel*. Mr. Venables talks very poor stuff. But his acts belie his words, and the way in which he floats himself by the conquest of Mr. Winstanley, and rescues his uncle by hooking Sir Stamford Scraper, shows real genius. Lord Wrekin's account of the four candidates for Ballyslattery, all eventually defeated by his private secretary, the invincible Jack, is good enough to quote in full:—"Who are they, and what are their politics? Why, first, to give place to rank and descent, there is Cornelius O'Geaghan, a cadet of that fraternity of mendicants who fights for his own hand and for some State provision, who has not the faintest chance of coming in; but who will, nevertheless, have considerable support from out-voters in the suburban baronies. Then there is Bodkin, the editor and proprietor of the 'Ballyslattery Watchfire,' who preaches sedition, who believes in nothing, but who may have more or less backing from the subscribers to his journal. There is Blake, who believes in everything, who had a visitation from the Virgin only last year, who would revive the Inquisition, should he ever have the chance; and who is the pet of the bishop and the superior clergy. But the man who will indubitably win is an assistant-secretary and book-keeper from the late Land League offices in Dublin. Timothy Ryan is his confounded name; he is the son and the pupil of a hedge-schoolmaster; he was locked up for half a year in a lunatic ward in Swift's Hospital; he came out to stump the county of Wexford, and to agitate behind the bars in Dublin public-houses. He is a protégé of Parnell's; he is the darling of his fellow-countrymen, and he will infallibly be sent up to Westminster as a senator to shelter behind the privileges of Parliament, and be treated as a gentleman by the Speaker." *Fortune's Wheel* is considerably above the average of novels. It is picturesque, stirring, full of life and go. The deficiency in action which spoils so many modern stories is not attributable to this one. The book is also thoroughly healthy in tone from beginning to end. The air of the sea and of the moor breathes through its pages the scent of heather and of seaweed. Mr. Shand is not an analyst of emotion, but a narrator of adventure, and his work may be especially commended to the youth of these kingdoms.

Kate Percival is the tenth volume of "Arrowsmith's Bristol Library," and one of the shilling stories which are becoming as necessary to the traveller as a rug in winter and a dust-coat in summer. Little that is not favourable can be said of *Kate Percival*. The type of heroine is familiar to all readers of Mrs. Edwardes, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Alexander, and their school. But Mrs. Comyns Carr has a bright and lively style of her own, which arrests the attention and does not suffer it to flag. The entrance of Miss Percival upon the scene is dramatic, and her exit resembles that of the gentleman who discovered that the Snarl was a Boojum after all. Her lovers are not interesting, except as being her lovers, although one of them is a doctor in the now so fashionable East End, and the other is intimately acquainted with the popular art of dining in Paris. The virtuous, yet Bohemian, Kate herself has more claim to notice, and it is indeed the uncertainty of the means by which she will extricate herself from her difficulties, combined with the knowledge that she will do it somehow, that makes Mrs. Carr's story the thoroughly readable volume it is. The problem which Mr. Mark Devereux, the gentleman with a fine taste in restaurants, has to solve is a somewhat embarrassing one. The opening of the book finds him in love with Nell Sartorys, who is engaged to George Beresford. On meeting Kate Percival, however, he transfers his affections with almost as much rapidity as distinguished the conduct of Romeo in the leading case of *Juliet v. Rosaline*. He then "learns on the highest authority" that Miss Sartorys has thrown over Mr. Beresford for him. "What," in the familiar formula, "ought Mr. Mark Devereux to do?" Fortunately for that rather flabby young man, the difficulty is overcome—we shall not say how—by the clearer intellect and stronger character of Kate Percival. As for George Beresford, one of those hopeless louts who were not properly kicked at school, he is consoled with a girl of less romantic tendencies, whom he thus describes:—"By George! she's the very thing. I don't believe she'd move a shade or a muscle whether my best horse lost at the Derby or my body were put underground; the damnedest cold girl out." To which Mark replied, with his accustomed feebleness, "A regular Sphinx, in fact." The Sphinx is described in a famous translation of Sophocles as "the enigmatical bitch." But we never heard her called the "damnedest cold girl out" before. We should mention that Kate Percival is brought up by a rather disreputable father and a Polish count, who behaves as, according to all the laws of fiction, Polish counts are bound to behave. Count Smolenski is a very full-blown specimen of his class. His manners are unexceptionable. "He seemed to have bestowed but very little attention on his personal appearance, and yet it lacked nothing." His look "was essentially distinguished." He speaks broken English. He had "a pair of deep, dark eyes that were the only bright things

in a sallow, almost emaciated face." After this it is scarcely necessary to add that he presses his unwelcome attentions upon Kate with an unscrupulous assiduity, that he inspires instinctive distrust in every honest man who sees him, except his dupe, Mr. Percival, that he floats a bogus company, and that he makes a practice of cheating at cards. Mrs. Carr's little work is thoroughly orthodox, and habitual novel-readers will find nothing in it to surprise or annoy them.

THE LIFE OF LONGFELLOW.*

IN one respect this book will be felt to be disappointing. It adds but little to the picture which most readers will have already drawn of Longfellow from his writings. There is truth in the remark of Mr. Samuel Longfellow in the preface that "the poet has put the best of himself into his books"; and Longfellow was personally so well and so widely known that we looked for nothing that would have materially changed the estimate formed of him. The book is mainly made up of extracts from the letters and journals of the poet, and we cannot help conjecturing either that the editor, from desire not to publish anything that could possibly cause annoyance or offence, has made no use of some of his most interesting material, or else that Longfellow was careful not to commit to writing, even in his private journal, a good deal of what he cannot but have thought of the men and events of his time. Perhaps the two causes have combined to make the biography more meagre and colourless than might have been expected. The poet's kindness, forbearance, and scrupulous delicacy of feeling were of that sincere nature which some men carry into their most private intercourse, and which will show itself even in the soliloquies of a diary. Yet a little more outspoken criticism of others, more expression of passing fancies and dislikes, of the humorous, whimsical, and satirical fancies which were wont to enliven the tranquil flow of his talk—more, in fact, of his chance impressions and of what he thought and felt from hour to hour—is wanting to give life and interest to the biography. This play and easy movement of mind is almost altogether absent from it; though it was certainly not wanting in the man himself. In not letting the reader see more of the flesh-and-blood Longfellow, the editor has distinctly failed. Even if the manuscript remains of the poet did not easily lend themselves to such a picture, the biographer's own recollections and those of hundreds of friends would have enabled him to present it to us. The book is satisfactory and useful as far as it goes, but some such reminiscences as these are needed to supplement it.

The outlines of the poet's biography can be given in a few words. He was born at Portland, in the State of Maine, in the year 1807, of well-to-do New England parents. The place itself is much changed since those days, but the beauty of its situation nothing can spoil. In later years he made it the subject of one of his most charming and characteristic lyrics—"My Lost Youth." There is something very attractive and picturesque, after a quiet fashion, in the smaller New England towns; and what those still are which lie on one side of the great highways of traffic, Portland, now one of the busiest cities of New England, must have been in the earlier years of the century. The home atmosphere in which the young Longfellow grew up was that of the then prevailing Puritanism, though not of the stricter kind. He was brought up as a Unitarian of the school of Channing. Unitarianism of this type was a very different thing from what is known under the same name in England; and very different also from Unitarianism as afterwards developed in America by Theodore Parker and others of his way of thinking. It admitted to a much greater degree the "Evangelical" element into its creed, and aimed at making the most of the ground common to Unitarianism with the orthodox churches. It powerfully affected other sects, notably the Quakers, and gradually won over to its side most of the culture of New England. It is only of late years that it has found rival in the awakened activity of the Episcopal Church. Neither Longfellow's imaginative sympathy with mediæval Christianity, nor the negative and destructive criticism of his day, seem to have had any effect one way or the other on the beliefs of his youth. He was of a sincerely and unobtrusively religious nature, troubling himself little about theology, resting with an unquestioning confidence in two or three of the main beliefs common to all churches, and apparently unconscious of the intellectual perplexities with which these beliefs, like the rest, appear to so many minds to be beset. As he is seen in his poetry, so we find him in his letters and journals—cheerful, resigned, trustful, keenly sensible of the duties and sorrows of life, but curiously indifferent to the great movements in speculative opinion which were going on around him. He seems to have passed through life in perfect contentment with the beliefs in which he had been educated. In 1821 he entered at Bowdoin College, in his native State of Maine, where he graduated four years later. His letters at that period show him as an industrious, conscientious student, not without honourable ambitions, but are not otherwise remarkable; and few of his youthful poems have been thought worth republishing. Little touches occur, however, in some of these early compositions which show a quick sensibility to external nature, as in this sentence from an essay:—"The forest and valley and upland are silent about me, save when an icicle drops from the withered branch and slides away on the crusted snow." Every New

* *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*. Edited by Samuel Longfellow. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1886.

England boy, as the editor says, knows that sound; but few boys would know how to write of it in words so simple and graphic. Literature, as his mind developed, became more and more his chief interest. He was fortunate in being able to make it also his professional pursuit, on terms as favourable as fall to the lot of any man. It was decided about the time that he graduated to establish at Bowdoin College a Professorship of Modern Languages; and, on the informal understanding that he was to be the first holder of the chair, Longfellow, then little over nineteen years of age, set out for Europe, to qualify himself for the post by travel and further study. He spent three years in Europe, taking only a passing glimpse of England, and dividing his time between France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. His letters home are pleasant reading, and show plenty of healthy interest in the new life into which he was thrown, as well as a ripeness of character not common in youths of his age. He was a diligent student of modern literature, and went freely, when occasion served, into foreign society. Spain seems to have won his heart more than any other country. Washington Irving, who was then at Madrid, showed even more than his usual kindness to the young student. Longfellow's descriptions of Spain are more than usually full, vivid, and picturesque, those of Italy less so, and those of Germany least of all. One thing the reader can hardly help remarking, and that is the curious scantiness of his references to the treasures of art among which he was moving. As his biographer tells us, speaking of his last visit to Rome in 1863, he was never a good sightseer. "He was impatient of lingering in picture-galleries, churches, and ruins. He saw quickly the essential points, and soon tired of any minuter examination." The truth rather is that his sympathies were with books, with nature, with the moral and emotional experience of his fellow-men, and that the sense of artistic beauty was distinctly wanting in him. In the journal of his stay at Dresden there is not even a mention of the world-famed gallery, and in Florence, Rome, and Venice not a single picture is spoken of. The Venus dei Medici and the Venus of Canova (in the Uffizi at Florence) are the only two pieces of sculpture referred to in the course of his year's stay in Italy, and only here and there is a work of architecture briefly and casually noticed. Almost the same may be said of the reminiscences afterwards collected and published under the name of *Outre-Mer*. He was able, however, to give an attention all the more undivided to the special literary studies which he came to Europe to pursue, and returned to his native country with a stock of knowledge unusually large for a man of his age.

Shortly after his return he entered on his duties at Bowdoin College. He proved most successful and popular as a teacher. The little poetry which he printed in these early days consisted chiefly of slight, fugitive pieces. His first prose production of any importance was *Outre-Mer*; it was brought out as a series of magazine articles, and was concluded in 1833, before the poet had completed his twenty-sixth year. It is fragmentary in comparison with *Hyperion*, and it lacks the personal interest which gives a charm to the autobiographical romance; but, except in this respect, a page from the one reads much as a page from the other. Longfellow matured early. What he was when five-and-twenty he remained in all essential respects throughout his life. He was a New England Puritan largely modified by Romanticism. In French literature his sympathies seemed drawn especially to the troubadours and earlier poets; in Spanish to the religious and chivalrous dramatists and ballad-writers; in Italian to Dante above all others; in German to Jean Paul, Uhland, Hoffmann, and the modern Romanticists. It is curious that he should have been so little influenced by Goethe, whose literary supremacy was at its height during his stay in Germany. Wide as his range of reading was in many languages, it was only literature of a certain class that he cared to appropriate. He had remarkable catholicity of taste and a singularly open and liberal judgment in literary matters; but the literature that had any formative power over his own writing was but limited in extent. What charmed him most in literature was (as has been the case with so many of his countrymen) what offered the most complete contrast to the atmosphere in which he lived at home. It has been objected to him, as to other American writers, that their works are only echoes of European literature, and that they have been able to produce nothing national, nothing distinctively American. No complaint could be more unreasonable. American society, so far as the ideas current in it are concerned, differs in no essential respect from English. It is rather more democratic in tone; but whenever the attempt has been made to use this difference as a source of literary inspiration the result has been a ludicrous failure. American literature has followed in the steps of European simply because it found nearly all the available paths already marked out, and its subjects and scenes are chiefly laid in Europe because America has almost no past to go back to. Of such a past as America has to offer for poetical treatment Longfellow made the most. But few persons read *Hiawatha* and *Miles Standish* more than once; and *Evangeline*, the most popular of his longer poems, though the scene of it is laid on the American continent, has little in it which would not be equally in place in Europe. It has been, we think, a distinct piece of good fortune for American literature that its leaders have not aimed at an impracticable independence of the Old World.

Longfellow's life was mainly that of a man of letters, but by no means that of a recluse. After four years' work at Bowdoin College, he was appointed to a similar professorship at Harvard,

again on the understanding that he should first go to Europe for further study. At Rotterdam, at the close of 1835, he lost his wife, and his inward experiences during the year which followed have been given to the world in *Hyperion*. One can hardly name any book of personal confessions more simple and graceful, and more free from anything in the shape of vanity or egotism. It has in an eminent degree a quality which books of greater power are often lacking in—it makes the reader the writer's friend. At the age of thirty he settled down to his professorial work at Cambridge. For the events of his life henceforth we must refer the reader to the biography. It was not till then that he began seriously to write poetry. The most popular of his smaller pieces—the "Psalm of Life"—was written in 1838, and from that time till near the end of his life he continued productive. We doubt, however, if much of the work of his later years, with the exception of the translation of Dante, will have any lasting reputation. The poems of his middle life have probably now taken the place which they are always likely to hold. He was not a great poet; the range of his interests and ideas, or at all events of those which he knew how to make available for poetry, is very limited, curiously so for a man of his knowledge and culture; and never once, so far as we can remember, does his poetry seem to be moved by any energetic passion; but none of his American contemporaries has succeeded as he has in winning the heart of the average reader, in giving truthful and touching expression to the simple feelings and thoughts which move, and are understood by, all mankind. He had, moreover, in an eminent degree the gift of style. He seems always at his ease in writing. The most important of the works which occupied his later years was the translation of Dante. Though he had at earlier periods of his life turned a considerable part of the *Divine Comedy* into English, it was not till the year 1863 that he set himself to complete and revise the work. It was in connexion with this translation that the "Dante Club," as he calls it in the journals, was formed. Every few evenings several of his more intimate friends would meet at his house to hear him read the work done since their last gathering, and critically to examine it with him line by line. Among these friends Mr. Lowell and Mr. Norton were, we believe, the two most regular of his fellow-workers. Strangers who had letters to Longfellow were sometimes invited to take part in the council, and such could not fail to be struck by the unaffected modesty with which he would listen to and discuss suggestions from any present, even when much less competent than himself, as to the meaning of the author or the style of the rendering. His views as to the best method of translating poetry had undergone a considerable change. He was always a felicitous translator. In his younger years, however, he had allowed himself a much freer departure from the original than he afterwards thought permissible, and he would argue with much warmth in favour of his later view that the business of the translator is to give the very words of his author, neither more nor less. That a paraphrase might in some cases render the meaning of the original better than a literal version, he was not willing to admit. Longfellow's Dante would be remarkable even as a mere *tour de force*. Line corresponds to line and word to word throughout the whole poem with a fidelity which is truly wonderful. It is probably as satisfactory a translation, take it for all in all, as any that we have or are likely to see in English, and is often singularly happy and successful. With Dante, the concisest of poets, who loves to concentrate his weightiest meaning into the smallest possible compass of words, the rigid, literal adherence to the Italian which Longfellow adopted is probably the best method, though not unfrequently the difficulty of finding words exactly equivalent in the two languages defeats even his practised ingenuity and causes a pithy sentence of the original to fall flat in the translation. Nothing, too, can take the place of the imitable metre of the original.

We have been able to speak only of two or three points in connexion with the life and works of Longfellow. The biography before us is well worth reading, and we can only repeat our regret that it is not fuller of those personal traits which would add life to the picture of one of the most charming and interesting figures of American literature.

POETRY AND CRITICISM.*

MR. RODEN NOEL has gone through life observing, and he has observed two things. The first is the existence of poets. These are noble beings, who utter sublime sentiments in magnificent language. They give the world information which it could not possibly obtain otherwise, and all the things they say are true—in spite of a shallow but widely-spread opinion to the contrary. If our knowledge of life stopped here, we should be forced to confess that the world was blessed indeed. But an all-wise Providence, observing the sinful nature of mankind, has thought fit to withhold this consummation, and to permit the existence of a fell race known as critics, and, worse even than this, certain mysterious but fiendish beings described by the appalling name of criticasters. Mr. Noel cannot, of course, explain the inscrutable purposes which have led to this melancholy state of things; but he displays,

* *Essays on Poetry and Poets*. By the Hon. Roden Noel, Author of "A Little Child's Monument" &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1886.

their present effect with a master's hand, and has with heroic irreverence sought to modify it by the glorification of the good poets and the utter smiting and extermination of the wicked critics, the unspeakable critics, and a kind of bastard entity rejoicing in the appellation of poetaster, and generally coupled by him with the critics, or even with the critics, for purposes of withering denunciation. The principal difficulty raised by Mr. Noel's *Essays on Poetry and Poets* is that we rise from its perusal with a deeply-rooted uncertainty as to what a critic is. The thoughtless professor of the English language might suppose that a critic is one who discusses, estimates, and appraises, by means of comparison, illustration, and so forth, the works of the godlike beings on whom he wreaks his hellish purpose. But this is precisely what Mr. Noel does, and obviously he is no critic. The only explanation which suggests itself is that a critic does not find each successive subject of his criticism more glorious, sublime, and unapproachable than the one before. Mr. Noel does.

The opening essay treats of the Poetic Interpretation of Nature. The opening sentence runs easily through the mind of him who has not read the book, but it raises a tumult of embarrassing dubiety in him who has. For it sets forth that Mr. Noel cannot follow that "fine poet and critic Mr. Matthew Arnold." Now how can any one man, even Mr. Matthew Arnold, be a poet and a critic both? And how can any critic be "fine"? Critics are "abominable creatures who embittered the already too short and bitter days of Keats." They are also "bloodhounds," a "punny clique," and "afflicted creatures." Those particular ones have gone into "darkness which is only not a sink of infamy because it is a pit of oblivion," and "we do but haul them from their grave, to kick them into it again." (This scorching phrase is not in verse, though readers might suppose it was.) How can the puny afflicted bloodhounds of to-day be fine poets? We give it up, and revert to the poetic interpretation of nature. It is one of the functions of poetry to tell the exact and true truth about nature. To take an example used by Mr. Noel, a yellow primrose is a yellow primrose. So much we know without the aid of poetry. But when poetry, or a Habitation of the Primrose League, interprets it, it is perceived to be a great deal more. So with the sea. The sea is made of salt water. "Pour some salt water over the floor," remarks Mr. Lewis Carroll in certain vituperative stanzas. "Suppose it extended a mile or more, That would be like the sea." So it would, but not to the poet. To Mr. Swinburne the sea is his mother, his daughter, his wife, his mistress, and, if we are not mistaken, much besides. This is poetic interpretation. What is not generally known, and what it is Mr. Noel's mission to explain, is that Mr. Swinburne's account of the sea is literally true, and not only so, but a great deal truer than Mr. Lewis Carroll's. A critic might say, or bay, that a mile of salt water would be like the sea, in truth and in fact, in a sense which a jury could understand, and that Mr. Swinburne's expressions, though beautiful and elevating to the mind, are used in a Pickwickian or Parliamentary sense; but that the sea was not the offspring of Mr. Swinburne's parents, and therefore in sober earnest, and in the common meaning of the words, is not Mr. Swinburne's sister. But the bloodhound would be wrong. "Those outer things are because these inner realities are; the former would not be without the latter—they are images and shadows only." A man in some prosperous moment, in robust health, on a fine morning, after a good breakfast, looks at the sea, and thinks it looks happy and cheerful. The poet says the sea is laughing with glee, or something of that sort. The man of science says the man is in high spirits, and the sea is neither glad nor sorry, and that to somebody else who has a liver it may look exceedingly cold and ill-tempered. The fact is, that the gladness is, really and truly, in the sea; and, if there was not happiness in the sea, there would be none in the man, because the man's happiness is an image and a shadow only. This is the poetic interpretation of nature. "Behind" the cruel crawling foam in which Mary was drowned "there surely must be," and in fact is, "some pitiless and murderous power, some prince, or princes, of a world that 'lieth in the wicked,' however that power may be directed and overruled by a Paternal Master-Love." If that does not prove Mr. Noel's proposition, that what thoughtless people consider beautiful poetic fancies are in reality accurate statements of solid ascertainable fact, then Mr. Noel's proposition is not proved. But it is proved, because it is certain that, as Wordsworth observes, "gentle mists" "glide Curling with unconfirmed intent." They have minds which they have nearly made up, but not quite. Likewise the foam that floats down the back of an arching wave "bursts gradual, with wayward indolence." That is to say, it is indolent and wayward. "It would not, as is assumed, be more accurate to say, 'the foam falls gradually.'" On the contrary.

There is also "another way," as the cookery books say, of finding out that the true way of reading poetry is to take it literally, and believe it. Physical attraction and repulsion of matter are "forces cognate" to love and dislike. "We pass upward from cohesion to chemical affinities," and thence to spiritual affinities, but it is all the same thing really. "In man" love, which in lower states of development constantly renews the supply of vegetables and the lower animals, "becomes transfigured into its own proper spiritual and heavenly being." If it did not, what would be the good of the lower forms of it? "Without this for an end and aim, where would cohesion and all the lower forces be?" The poet has "discovered this essential truth" by the exercise of his "quick

sympathetic insight." Therefore, when he says that a river runs downhill to escape a lover to whom it objects or to get to one whose affection it reciprocates, he speaks the bald literal truth, only in a slightly different plane—which makes no difference.

The poets individually rescued from criticism in the essays which follow that on the Poetic Interpretation of Nature are Chatterton, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Keats, Victor Hugo, Lord Tennyson, Mr. Browning, Mr. Robert Buchanan, and Mr. Walt Whitman. Mr. Noel has much that is pleasant to say about each of them, and about the first five much that is pleasant to the reader, because, coming to it after the discussion of the Interpretation of Nature, he is pleased to find something which is not quite so startling. Originality has a charm of its own, no doubt, as well as being useful; but even originality would become a bore if it were persisted in too constantly. Victor Hugo was, in Mr. Noel's opinion, "the greatest European poet of our century." Yet he appears to have impressed Mr. Noel less by the grandeur of his achievements in "verse-poetry" than by his novels and some of his plays. He tells the stories, or rather gives brief but singularly adequate sketches of the outlines of *Les Misérables*, *Marion Delorme*, *Le Roi s'amuse*, and *Quatre-Vingt-Treize*. The plays are treated of wholly from the literary point of view. "We had one dramatist living in England, and only one, who could be compared with Hugo, and that was Richard Hengist Horne." Mr. Noel would doubtless admit that, as a rule, and saving certain scenes, Hugo's plays are much better to read than to see acted. He is somewhat indignant with those who have made fun of "le bug-pipe," "le scherif de Surrey," and the other wondrous possessions which Hugo attributed to this happy country; but he himself finds it hard to forgive Hugo—who was in other respects such a sensible, practical politician—for his admiration of Napoleon I. With regard to Napoleon III., or, as Mr. Noel in defiance of history prefers to call him, "M. Louis Bonaparte," he thinks that a sufficiently accurate notion of him may be obtained from *L'Histoire d'un Crime*. But *Quatre-Vingt-Treize* is Mr. Noel's favourite, and the great carrouade scene in particular. It has been called absurd, which hurts Mr. Noel's feelings. But his Interpretation-of-Nature theory comes to his assistance. "He endows it [the carrouade] with a terrible, grotesque, weird life of its own, indeed. But are the poethings and critics prepared to swear that these things are really dead?" No, no! Hugo is interpreting nature. He implies that the carrouade was alive. Well, it was alive, and no one would have known it but for the *vatee sacer*.

Mr. Noel's enthusiasm for poets flags a little over Mr. Robert Browning (perhaps he does not interpret nature enough), but recovers itself when that poet is followed by Mr. Robert Buchanan. The essay on him ends—"I believe him to be one of our foremost living poets, and destined to become (directly or indirectly) one of our most influential." We turn over the page and read—"A STUDY OF WALT WHITMAN. To me, I will begin by owning at the outset, Walt Whitman appears as one of the largest and most important figures of the time." One reason why Mr. Noel likes Walt, as he affectionately calls him, is that he has not, as "we who stay at home in the old country" have, "old traditions, vices, and prejudices rank in his 'ancient blood.' In considering Walt's 'position as prophet and teacher' Mr. Noel quotes seventy-four lines. They contain exactly fifty-three separate and distinct references to Walt. "All this," as Mr. Noel justly observes, "is very striking." The book ends with a really charming account of certain expeditions on the coast of Cornwall, which makes even the critic feel strongly inclined to hurl from him the implements of his accursed trade, hail the nearest hansom, and fly as if a bloodhound was after him to Paddington.

THE CAPTAIN'S YARNS.*

WHEN a man has seen anything worth the telling, he is always welcome to sit down and tell it, and for that reason the "yarns" of Captain Ray deserve a civil reception. It cannot be said that they make a really good book of memoirs. The Captain himself does not appear to have had any considerable skill in narrative, or, if he had, it has evaporated in the process of "editing." These tales were noted down by a member of his family, who had plainly more affectionate zeal than discrimination; and it is probable that the book contains as much of the note-maker's work as the Captain's, whereby some portion of it has come to be "skip." Still, accounts of the old sea-life by men who lived it are by no means so common that we can afford to despise any genuine record. Literary skill and experience have seldom come together. Englishmen who are seamen are indifferent memoir-writers, and Frenchmen who can use the pen have rarely been seamen, though they have produced one capital volume on the subject, the delightful Mémoires of the Chevalier de Forbin. Captain Ray, though he could not write like the Chevalier, saw good and varied service. He was an eye-witness of the great navy, having begun as midshipman in 1809, and continued as mate, Coastguard lieutenant in command of one of those noble craft the revenue cutters, and mail officer, down till 1860. This makes fifty years of respectable service manfully done; and the editor is no doubt well entitled to take this quotation from

* *The Captain's Yarns. A Memorial of the Fifty Years' Service of Joseph Ray, Esq., Commander R.N. Edited by Joseph M. Menzies, M.A. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1886.*

Southey's *Doctor* as motto to his book:—"A good seaman, good in the moral and religious as well as in the nautical sense of the word, is one of the highest characters that this world's rough discipline can produce."

Captain Ray is not to blame because the editor has published some of his yarns, which may have been amusing enough to hear, but are dull to read, and he is entitled to credit for those which are not dull. He entered the navy just before the Walcheren Expedition, served in that unlucky business, was wounded in the fight between the *Victorious* and *Rivoli*, was promoted for service on the Gold Coast, and had years of cruising as Coastguard or mail officer. His reminiscences are not all of the heroic kind. He very frankly tells how he first made acquaintance with the brew called whisky toddy, how he too hastily accepted the assurances of a Scotch comrade who asserted that it was not like ship's grog, and would do no harm to anybody, and what followed thereupon. However, the Captain bore no ill will. "I have always," says the excellent veteran, "had a partiality for Scotch toddy; there is that in the steam of it which is very fascinating, and I have never abjured the use of it at any period of my life." Again, one of the yarns tells how in his midshipman days he entered a cave on the search of smugglers in the dark, and prodded nothing more pugnacious than a patient ass, with which he proceeded to fraternize. But some are on a higher tone than this. In one there is a good account of how his revenue cutter was taken on a lee shore in Lyme Regis Bay by no fault of his, and had to fight the gale for eight hours, till a shift of wind enabled him to get round Portland Bill. The story of the loss of the *Woolwich* on the reefs of Barbuda is also good. Captain Ray lived to witness another shipwreck, the loss of the P. & O. steamer *Douro* on a reef in the China seas, when he had to spend a fortnight on the stranded vessel with two rascally Chinese junks hanging about waiting till she broke up and they could begin plundering and murdering without danger from the weapons of the English crew. It is pleasing to know that the scoundrels were disappointed by the timely arrival of another steamer. The best of all is the story of the fight with the *Rivoli*, which can be picked out of the yarns. Picked out is the correct phrase, for the editor has scattered the parts of the story over half the book, giving each just as it was heard in a most casual fashion. When put together it contains three characteristic incidents of the old naval life—a flogging, a mutiny, and a desperate hard fight. The *Victorious*, a seventy-four, Captain Ray's first ship, was one of the blockading squadron off Toulon at the time when the monotony of the service had brought everybody's mind into such a state of exasperation that scarcely any two officers were on speaking terms with one another. Her first lieutenant occupied himself by sending the men aloft and bringing them down so incessantly that they were worn out with fatigue. One of the captains of the tops was unwise enough to growl in the hearing of a midshipman, who certainly deserved to fail "to pass for a gentleman," for he hurried to report the poor fellow to the first lieutenant. This officer, after the custom of the naval bullies of the day, immediately began to cry out mutiny, and then took steps to produce one. He complained to the captain, who seems to have suffered from nerves as badly as his subordinate, and, in flagrant disobedience to the Admiralty orders, the man was sentenced to be flogged at once. It was dark, and lanterns were hung up to light the boatswain's mate to his work. The captain seems to have determined to allow the flogging to go on till the man cried out, which he, being a courageous fellow, would not do. All at once the crew broke loose. The lanterns were smashed, and a shower of handspikes was hurled at the officers. Happily the mutiny was a mere sudden impulse, and nothing more followed. The *Victorious* was watched all night by two other line-of-battle ships, and next day there was an inquiry. Admiral Cotton seems to have been of Collingwood's opinion that a mutiny is generally the fault of the officers. He would allow no inquiry into the conduct of the men, and sent the *Victorious* off to recover her character by service in another part of the Mediterranean. Once away from the insufferable boredom of the blockade, officers and men seem to have recovered their good humour; and when the ship fell in with the *Rivoli*, a seventy-four of the French Venetian squadron, she captured her enemy after a stout resistance. Captain Ray's account of the fight, in which he was wounded, would have annoyed Mr. Snob; for it is a little in the tone of the reminiscences of those gallant half-pay officers who could never quite understand how the poor devils of Frenchmen ever stood up to Englishmen at all. He praises the French Captain Barré very highly; but it is mainly because he did fight for some hours. The final surrender he thought a mere matter of course. If Captain Ray is justly conscious of how great a thing it is to be an Englishman, he, however, bears the honour with a becoming and manly modesty. There is no boasting anywhere in his yarns.

SPECULATIVE PHILOLOGY.*

SPECULATIVE etymology, which flourished before the establishment of sound linguistic principles, was necessarily barren of results. Speculative philology, a natural if not an inevitable outcome of those principles, will scarcely prove a more

profitable pursuit, unless followed with greater caution than is shown by the learned Dean of Clonfert in his *General Principles of the Structure of Language*. In this ambitious although in some respects highly meritorious work, on which immense labour has obviously been lavished, a bold attempt is made to construct a general theory of language on a purely psychological basis. Yet it must be evident that apart from the physiological and outward physical conditions, which are here mainly neglected, psychology alone can never afford an adequate explanation of the manifold structure of articulate speech. Quickness or slowness of mental activity has doubtless played a considerable part in the development of the distinctive features characteristic of the several linguistic families. But these qualities of the mind, which are here almost exclusively taken into account, must appear to offer a singularly weak foundation for a vast superstructure aiming at a broad classification of the races and languages of mankind in five main groups, answering roughly to the five main geographical divisions of the globe. In the evolution of these ethnical and linguistic groups, accepting them as fairly complete, many other causes, some equally, some possibly even more potent, have been at work besides certain varying degrees of intellectual energy. It is strange that such commonplace of modern science should not have occurred to a thinker, who otherwise shows a loyal acceptance of the principles of evolution as understood by Darwin and his followers.

The subject is treated both deductively in a first book, which may be described as an *a priori* study of the causes tending to affect the structure of language in general, and inductively in a second book, which resolves itself into an *a posteriori* proof of these determining causes, and which consequently involves a critical diagnosis of all the chief languages known to science. This latter section, as might be expected, is by far the more satisfactory of the two, and is executed with so much thoroughness and insight into the morphology of speech, that it will suffice at once to place the author in the very forefront of writers on comparative philology. In it is embodied a masterly digest of the salient features of many comparatively little known but scientifically important languages, such as the Tagala of the Philippine Islands, the Pul (Fulah) of Western Soudan, the Yakut of Eastern Siberia, the South American Kiriri and Chikito, forming altogether a philosophical treatise of permanent value to the student. And thus is reached the verdict which has to be so often pronounced on the speculative writings even of sound scholars—facts good, theory worthless.

Scattered over both volumes, but specially concentrated in the deductive section, are many hazardous statements which recall the comment made by Darwin on Mr. Herbert Spencer's *First Principles*—admirable breadth and grasp of the subject, but how many assumptions each requiring years for its verification! The very theory here put forth as a deduction from the laws of our nature is frankly admitted to be "in itself quite hypothetical." Equally hypothetical, and often more than doubtful, are the numerous assertions advanced in support of this theory. Thus of the Iroquois Indians it is confidently asserted (i. p. 157) that they "had stronger sense of the subject and less sense of the object" than their Algonkin neighbours. No proof is given of this statement, which is here nevertheless advanced as a reason why the Iroquois verb appears to incorporate direct and indirect objects to a less degree than the Algonkin. But the fact is, neither language distinguishes the verb very clearly from the noun, while the slightly lesser degree of incorporation possessed by Iroquois is probably due to its Dakota affinities.

Much is built on the assumed monosyllabic or dissyllabic tendencies of certain groups, and we are told, for instance, that "there is not so great prevalence of dissyllabic roots in the Melanesian languages as there is in the Polynesian, as the race has a more careful character—more mindful of the general conditions of utility and success." Missionaries and traders who have had dealings with the Oceanic peoples will be surprised to learn that the Melanesians are of a more careful disposition than the Polynesians, while philologists will be still more surprised to find such mental qualities associated with a greater or less disposition towards dissyllabic verbal forms. In any case we now know that both languages are essentially one, and that in the matter of dissyllabism there is little to choose between the two. To the Samoan (Polynesian) e lu la ma e fagafula answers the Nengone (Melanesian) rewe donzo rewe re ngome, all dissyllables except one. As regards the so-called "monosyllabic" Tibeto-Chinese languages, our author seems to be unaware that monosyllabism is not the original condition of this group, but a late development or disintegration, due mainly to the ravages of phonetic decay. Thus, the modern Chinese i = doubt, is shown by Terrien de Lacouperie to be a reduced form of *tadaka*, a word of three syllables! Hence, all the theorizing built on this assumed fundamental feature must be swept away as absolutely groundless. Nor can the Chinese be any longer accepted as "the prototype of the whole race" (i. p. 78); for recent research reveals them as an amalgam of many races, but mainly of Mongol intruders from the North with the aboriginal Shan element of the Yang-tse-kiang basin.

It is argued (ii. p. 274 *et seq.*) that the superior mental power of the Aryan and Semitic races finds its expression in the inflecting character of their respective languages. But few philologists will now assert that these two groups have a monopoly of inflection, which also clearly forms a very marked feature of Tagala with its verbal infixes, of Tibetan with its normal modifications, of the

* *General Principles of the Structure of Language*. By James Byrne, M.A., Dean of Clonfert. 2 vols. London: Tribner & Co.

verbal root-vowels, of Chechentz with its shifting in- and auslauts, and of some other languages spoken by presumably "inferior" races. On the other hand, might it not be argued with at least equal plausibility that inflection implies a certain degree of mental haziness, which found its apotheosis in the cumbrous polysynthetic-Sanskritic-syntaxis, its "happy despatch" in the light and pliant analytical forms of modern English, Danish, and Persian? Or are we to conclude that, in throwing off nearly all the old Indo-European inflections, these degenerate Aryans have forfeited their glorious birthright of "superior mental power," and sunk to the intellectual level of the Fuegian or the Hottentot? But if a varying degree of inflection or analysis is to be set up as the test of intellectual capacity, they cannot be received into fellowship even with these degraded tribes, for the missionaries now tell us that the Fuegian (Kahgan dialect) is an extremely copious and highly agglutinating form of speech, while Hottentot boasts of true grammatical gender, of a complex verbal system, and of true case endings as clearly distinguishing subject and object as do the Aryan nominative and accusative cases. Surely the speculative philology which leads to such results as these must somehow be on the wrong track, and cannot too rapidly retrace its steps.

Again:—"Latin is free from this tendency to run one word into another; but Greek is remarkable for the separateness of its words. And while Latin gives no such evidence as Sanskrit of a predominant interest in the result, the character of the Latin race, so much more practical than the Greek, exhibits an interest in results which quite corresponds with the greater synthesis of the Latin sentence" (ii. p. 360). This is a characteristic sentence, and is quoted in full to show the writer's method of reasoning. Briefly stated, the contention is that practical people speak synthetically; the Latin race spoke synthetically, *ergo*. Very well! The Latins said *amabuntur*; the English say *they shall* (or *will*) *be loved*. Therefore the English are about the least practical people in the world, for you cannot have a less synthetic expression than *they shall be loved*. Only the conclusion is a very palpable *reductio ad absurdum*, as indeed mainly is the whole process of reasoning laboriously pursued throughout these two very learned but very inconsequent volumes.

THE LIBRARIES OF GLASGOW.*

FROM Snuffie Davie to Hill Burton, the Bookhunte has been always enumerated among the natural productions of Scotland. There is no part of the civilized world where, in proportion to the population, so many Societies exist with the object of rescuing from destruction books of some of which there is already one copy too many. This characteristic is likely to be reflected in public libraries owing their existence to the munificence of private individuals who were the hunters ere they became the donors of books. With one exception, all the public libraries of Glasgow belong to this class, and accordingly an account of their principal contents is by no means the prosaic affair which a register of those of the rate-supported libraries of large towns would be in the majority of instances. Hence Mr. Mason's description of these libraries is full of entertaining matter, and this is still more the case with the review of the thirteen private collections of Glasgow bibliophiles which he has been enabled to add to his volume. The fourth public library—that of the University—is omitted for the present "for sufficient reasons," of one of which we receive a hint. It seems that there is no catalogue, and that the University, which is supposed to know everything, does not know what books it possesses.

Of the institutions that do know, the first in age, though not in importance, is the Stirling Library, of which Mr. Mason himself is librarian. It originates in a bequest from Walter Stirling, merchant, in 1791. The list of Mr. Stirling's own books is given; they numbered only 8c4 volumes, but there is not one inferior book among them all. The library was opened in 1792 with 2,000 volumes, now increased to 42,000. Notwithstanding this apparently satisfactory progress, its history has been one of great vicissitude. Sudden spurts of energy have hitherto alternated with long periods of languor and decline, threatening the entire extinction of the institution. The fact seems to be that boards of governors, whose time is engrossed with other matters, will not keep a library going without an efficient librarian, an advantage which the Stirling Library can hardly have enjoyed before Mr. Mason's time, if it be the literal fact that "no arrangement of the books seems ever to have been made until that made by the present librarian." With two exceptions, "every librarian, from the first to the tenth, looked upon their situation as a quiet resting-place where they might spend their declining years or prepare sermons for prospective flocks." Now, however, matters have greatly improved; another public library has been absorbed, generous bequests and donations have been received; best of all, a professional librarian has been appointed who has received a sound preliminary training. The library contains several objects of interest, among others the MS. of an unpublished work by George Finlay, the historian of Greece, on "the Hellenic Kingdom and the Greek Nation," dated 1836, which should be worth examination. The next library in point of date, the Mitchell Library, is of much greater importance than the Stirling Library, having been started

in 1877 with a capital of 70,000*l.*, nearly all accruing from the splendid bequest of Mr. Stephen Mitchell, tobacco manufacturer. With an enlightened managing committee, and an excellent librarian, Mr. F. T. Barrett, public confidence was soon obtained, and donations have rapidly accumulated. The history of the Mitchell Library is, indeed, one of the most satisfactory proofs on record that the public will do much for a library that is doing much for the public. Two maxims receive especial illustration, the wisdom of provincial libraries making an especial point of collecting publications of local interest, and the advisability of rendering the library especially strong in one particular subject. By carrying out the former rule the library has attracted numerous gifts of rare and curious books printed in Glasgow. By establishing a "Poet's Corner" for the minstrelsy of Scotland it has gained that portion of Mr. Alexander Gardyne's collection relating to this special subject and the Burns memorial volumes formed by Mr. Gould, and bought for the library by a public subscription. Some day, perhaps, a patriotic Scot will make the Library happy with its greatest desideratum, the *editio princeps* of Burns, now worth from sixty to seventy pounds. The general good name of the institution has brought it liberal gifts from the Trustees of the British Museum and other public bodies; and this estimation can only be enhanced by its being known that up to the end of 1884 it had issued two millions and a half of volumes, of which only fifty-five had been mutilated or stolen. The proportion of the issues of prose fiction is only 28 per cent., much below the usual average of free libraries. The number of volumes is by this time about sixty thousand. The third public library of Glasgow is a contrast in every respect. It is exceedingly special in character, being a collection of music and musical books bequeathed by Mr. W. Ewing to the Anderson University, where, according to Mr. Mason, it is perishing in a room so damp as to possess at least the recommendation of being absolutely fire-proof. There is no librarian, and the catalogue—the identical one, we understand, immortalized by the entry of sundry German books under *Herausgeber*—is all but useless. Such is the indictment of Mr. Mason, who evidently considers that the collection might be suitably accommodated in the library over which he himself presides. As Mr. Ewing's trustees spent his money in building the damp room which this arrangement would supersede, it will not be easy to convince them.

The thirteen private libraries described by Mr. Mason, displaying the individual tastes of collectors responsible solely to themselves, afford happier hunting-ground for the bookworm and the bibliomaniac than the public ones. Some of their proprietors are much too well off, and should take warning by Polycrates. Mr. Guild should decidedly cast one of his two copies of his "Nuptiale Carmen Renati Guilloni mercurium agentis" on the marriage of Mary Queen of Scots to the Dauphin into the ocean at auction. Mr. Gray "has a most extensive series of pamphlets, broadsides, handbills, and posters relating to Old Glasgow," and trials for every crime that can possibly be committed, including the offences, peculiar, as we hope, to Scotland, of *hamesucken* and *resetting*. Mr. MacGeorge has Rossetti's presentation copy of *Modern Painters*, and a letter from Blake to Flaxman, dated September 12, 1800, and now published for the first time, enclosing:—

A few lines which I hope you will excuse. And as the time is now arrived when men shall again converse in Heaven and walk with angels, I know you will be pleased with the intention, and I hope you will forgive the poetry.

The lines, which are very Blakean, include this synopsis of the writer's intellectual history:—

Now my lot in the Heavens is this, Milton loved me in childhood and showed me his face;
Ezra came with Isaiah the Prophet; but Shakespeare in riper years gave me his hand;
Paracelsus and Behmen appeared to me, terrors appeared in the heavens above,
And in Hell beneath, and a mighty and awful change threatened the Earth.
The American War began. All its dark horrors passed before my face
Across the Atlantic to France. Then the French Revolution commenced
in thick clouds,
And my Angels have told me that seeing such visions I could not subsist
on the Earth,
But by my conjunction with Flaxman who knows to forgive Nervous Fear.

Mr. Mason's pages are rich in bibliographic and literary plums of this kind. They form a valuable addition to the class of literature at the head of which stands the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, and are considerably more accurate than that famous work, if we may judge by internal evidence and the care manifestly taken with the copious index. It seems a pity that they should not be published, and that their circulation should be restricted to four hundred and fifty copies.

LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS.*

Quis custodiet, &c.? who will not hesitate to criticize so graceful and varied a volume of criticism by Mr. Lang, the reading of which leaves one in a maze of wonder at the versatility of his style and his profound knowledge of so wide a range of literature?

* *Letters to Dead Authors.* By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans & Co.

On the whole Mr. Lang has skilfully avoided the danger of a patronizing style almost inseparable from the method he has selected to express his views about the heroic dead—that of a series of letters to the various authors. In meting out praise or blame to a man face to face it is always difficult to avoid an air of superiority—offensive in the case of a living person, and much more so when one stands in the presence of the immortals. It is only Mr. Lang's great breadth of sympathy with all styles and ages, and his power of feeling and expressing enthusiastic admiration for what is valuable in all kinds of literature, that has saved him from this pitfall into which a weaker and less catholic critic would certainly have fallen.

The first letter, that to Thackeray, is one of the finest of all; it is written with a rush of appreciative enthusiasm that fills one with a responsive glow of delight. In answer to the sentimentalists who call Thackeray a cynic, Mr. Lang truly reminds them that their quarrel is really with life, not with the writer; while the ladies who complain that Thackeray never drew a good woman who was not a doll are not usually those who remind us of Lady Castlewood, or of Theo, or Hetty Lambert.

The innocent feminine liking for female portraits "painted, as by Guido or Guercino, with wings and harps and haloes," induced George Sand and George Eliot to depict Consuelo and Romola, but, as Mr. Lang points out, there is a spice of malice deeper than Thackeray ever shows in characters such as Horace or Rosamund Vincy. The almost magical charm of some of Thackeray's meditative interludes and their intense poetical pathos is well illustrated by the passage which is so happily selected from *The Newcomes*, when Clive, at Barnes Newcome's lecture, sees Ethel, who is lost to him. "And the past and its dear histories, and youth and its hopes and passions, and tones and looks for ever echoing in the heart and present in the memory—these, no doubt, poor Olive saw and heard as he looked across the great gulf of time, and parting and grief, and beheld the woman he had loved for many years."

The letter to Charles Dickens is a delightful piece of writing, in Mr. Lang's pleasantest and most airy style. Here the praise is not so unqualified as in the former letter. Most readers will heartily agree with the protest against Dickens's attempts to draw the tears of his audience by the somewhat sickly pathos of the death-bed scenes of Little Nell, Domby the son, and the like. But in Mr. Lang's dislike for the melodramatic parts of Dickens's work much allowance for a personal equation must be made. Surely the gradual leading up to the intense horror of Montagu Tigg's murder in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and the wonderful skill with which the writer thrills and makes one shudder at the deed, render this one of the most powerful and truly tragic incidents to be found in any English prose. The masterly way in which this description creates a vague shadowy sense that murder is in the air, though the actual deed is left to the imagination, is far more awful than any similar scene where the victim's death-struggles are represented *coram populo*. It must surely be a long time since Mr. Lang has read his *Martin Chuzzlewit*, or he could hardly say:—"But what the plot is all about, what Jonas did, what Montagu Tigg had to make in the matter, what all the pictures with plenty of shading illustrate, I have never been able to comprehend."

The letter to Herodotus is a striking example of Mr. Lang's skill in imitating an author's style. No doubt it is easy to imitate so marked a manner as that of Herodotus; but to do it well is quite another matter. It is no slight to this delightfully funny letter to say that it reads like a missing chapter of the *Oxford Spectator*, written about twenty years ago by three undergraduates, a work full of fresh wit and humour, free from any signs of youthful weakness. One of the writers, alas! passed very early into the silent land, another yields in *partibus infidelium* the pastoral staff, and the third instructs the British public what to admire and what to condemn in contemporary art; but it is perhaps doubtful whether the episcopal denunciations of the one or the learned artistic criticisms of the other are ever read with so keen a pleasure as the more amusing, if less instructive, productions of their undergraduate days.

The good-humoured satire of Mr. Lang's description of a supposed visit to Oxford in the character of a student anxious to learn the truth about Herodotus is specially pleasant, and one is glad to find that the author is not one of those who sympathize with the modern system of dogmatic and destructive criticism, which professes to be able to dispense with the historical aid of such men as Herodotus, Thucydides, or Pausanias, who, to say the least of it, were in a better position to find out the truth with regard to the remote past than even the most learned German professor of the present day.

Mr. Lang puts into the mouth of a distinguished Oriental scholar hailing from the "House of Queens" an amusing parody of this modern method of criticism. Having said that Herodotus invented his stories "out of his abundant wickedness," the Professor goes on, "Now behold how the curse of the gods falls upon Herodotus. For he pretends that he saw Cadmeian inscriptions at Thebes. Now I do not believe there were any Cadmeian inscriptions there; therefore, Herodotus is most manifestly lying."

The letters to Rabelais, Sir John Maundevile, Theocritus, and Lord Byron are remarkable feats of versatile skill in reproducing the style of each writer. That to Theocritus is very graceful.

In those to Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns the high average of excellence is not kept up, but that to Alexandre Dumas is one of the best of all—full of an enthusiastic freshness of ad-

miration which it is very pleasant to read. Mr. Lang dwells on Dumas's healthy purity of style, his abstinence from realistic horrors, and the simple pathetic friendship of the three heroes—Porthos, Athos, and Aramis. "I declare your characters are real people to me and old friends. I cannot bear to read the end of Bragelonne and to part with them for ever."

Though so lightly written and so amusing to read, Mr. Lang's *Letters* are instructive withal, and in a very brief space contrive to give the leading characteristics of many different writers, some of whom are probably but little known to ordinary mortals, who possess neither Mr. Lang's breadth of literary knowledge nor his exceptional powers of memory.

SEVEN NOVELS.*

THE prosperity of a jest lies, as we know, in the ear of the hearer; and the ears were perhaps properly upholstered of those who marked the conversation of "Dagonet, the Jester," who pursued the honourable calling of cobbling in the village of Thorn Abbey in the period of English history which lies between the taking off of King Charles I. and the blessed Restoration of his son. Something either in his jests or in our modern ears seems wanting to the present enjoyment of the fun. Fashions change; and an old-modish joke is the dreariest form of wit. Some of the flavour may have been lost in the passage of Master Dagonet's quips through the erudite mind of Aaron Blenkinsop, who is supposed to narrate the history of his life, and who seems not wholly unjustly to have been known to his fellow-scholars as *Aaronus iste morosior*. However that may be, the story of Dagonet and his dismissal from the noble family of Sandiacre, where he was professional jester, and apparently not funny enough, his subsequent sojourning as inadequate cobbler in Thorn Abbey, and his final miserable death from exposure at night in a hard frost is told with pleasing quaintness by the writer, who places no name on the title-page. A certain mistiness of atmosphere prevents the figures of the little drama from standing out clearly. The outlines are blurred. But there is an antique cast about the style and colouring, which, if often far-fetched, is also suggestive, and makes the book pleasant reading. The correct Blenkinsop informs us on one or two occasions that Dagonet or another "drank tobacco"; but he offers no explanation of the curious fact that Shakspeare never refers to the new fashion of smoking, or "drinking," the weed, as they called it, in their early inexperienced appreciation. He speaks of Master Shakspeare and his "piebald comedy" *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and being a good servant of King and Church has no horror of the play; but he throws no light on Shakspeare's reticence.

The second excursion into the fields of fiction of the eminent professional gentleman who assumes the deep disguise of the signature Pen Oliver, F.R.C.S., is slightly longer and more important, as the picture-dealers say, than his first. He pleasantly refers to these literary relaxations from severer labours as "short intervals of happy diversion in some pursuit of art." That defines them well enough. The reader is conscious, through his own amused attention, of the satisfaction with which the author has pursued his diversion; and the pleasure is shared. As in *Charley Kingston's Aunt*, so there is in "All But": a Chronicle of Lazenford Life, one central incident, round which the greater part of the twenty-one chapters are as flourishes and arabesques. Charley Kingston, it may be remembered, was called upon in the chequered incidents of existence to dissect his aunt; which it must be admitted was very well for a central incident. In *All But* the operator (an amateur, it is true) does not wait for death's intervention before proceeding to serious measures on the body of his victim. Lord Arthur Wynstanley attempts to improve his worldly position by removing, as Iago delicately puts it, a stepson, who is inconveniently in possession of estates which Lord Arthur would like to have. The process he selects is by quietly increasing a dose of morphia which is nightly injected into the veins of the stepson, who is suffering from a terrible accident. Lord Arthur is entrusted with the simple operation, and his little arrangements are indicated with a minuteness which suggests a handy-book for domestic murder, rather alarming when one recollects the scientific authority of the writer. Pen Oliver, F.R.C.S., does, it is true, supplement his careful directions with a warning to imitators—"Beware the post-mortem!" But people are often so impatient and careless. They don't stop to think about the post-mortem. He is also indulgent enough towards the rank of the experimenter to invent a little convenient lunacy, or "brain confusion," to use an euphemism of the profession. If Lord Arthur's ingenious mental aberrations had succeeded in their object, the victim would have been

* *Dagonet, the Jester.* London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

"All But": a Chronicle of Lazenford Life. By Pen Oliver, F.R.C.S. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1886.

Indian Summer. By W. D. Howells. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1886.

A Lone Lassie. An Autobiography. By J. Jemmett-Browne. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

Mrs. Peter Howard. By the Author of "The Parish of Hilby." London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1886.

A Sporting Quixote. By S. Laing. London: Chapman & Hall. 1886.

In the Pride of his Manhood. By E. T. Miller. London: Houlston & Sons. 1886.

little the better for the extenuation conveyed in their existence. However, the attempt ended in an "all but," and Lord Arthur went off and became completely insane somewhere abroad, and finally died, which must have been a great relief to the family doctor, who knew all about it, but would not tell. As for the secondary part of the volume, the "Chronicles of Laxenford Life," they are fresh, pleasant, simple, and natural, and show how lively and lasting have been the early impressions of rural life of Pen Oliver, F.R.C.S. He illustrates them further by twenty quaint little drawings by his own hand.

Mr. William D. Howells was in his most genial playful humour when writing *Indian Summer*. There are no harsh nor unlovely traits of character in this charming sketch of the late happiness which came to a tolerably mature couple, after both had ventured in pursuit of joy in earlier days, with small return of success. Mr. Theodore Colville, an architect and editor rolled into one, and with a pretty turn of humour of his own, has been severely jilted by a young countrywoman (they are Americans both) whom he has dreamed himself in love with in his youth, when sentiment and Italy had got into his head and turned it. Mrs. Bowen has been a witness to this love affair, and unconsciously a dabbler in its troubles, when she and Jenny Milbury were girls travelling together. How the two old acquaintances are drawn to each other by this common recollection, and by meeting again in Florence, the scene of the ancient tragedy, and by the interference of one of the younger generation, who thinks, with the audacity of self-confident youth, that she can console for everything, and by something stronger than all these put together, is the motive of the pretty story. Around and beneath it all is the exquisite Italian atmosphere, in which no one knows better than Mr. Howells how to steep his pictures. The tenderness of his feeling for the natural and artistic loveliness of Italy and for the popular characteristics of the Italians is mixed with that half-reverent, half-sceptical regard which Americans (the best Americans) assume in presence of the older civilizations, and which makes their mental attitude at once amusing and curious. These cynical moderns, wandering over the ruins of the past, and turning the light of their New-World mockery on Old-World relics, make themselves entertaining. Mr. Howells, of course, is much more than entertaining in that sense. He is one of the freshest and truest interpreters of Italian life, old and new, we have, and belongs in that direction as distinctly to Europe as to America.

Miss Eleanor Dampier, the "Lone Lassie" of Mr. J. Jeannett-Browne's three-volume novel, who writes her own autobiography, has for a solitary damsel a crowded and interesting circle of acquaintances. At an early age she occupies a Scotch castle on a wide moorland, where she is the idol of a set of humble retainers and foster-relatives. Here she is visited by the ghost of a lady, accompanied by a phantom baby, who, to gain their selfish desires of being transferred from unsanctified to holy burying ground, entice her out into the snow on a cold night and nearly end her young life. Miss Dampier after this finds her long-lost mother in a reigning Italian prima donna, and, following her example and her own natural gifts, becomes a queen of song and has a brilliant success in Italy. Unfortunately, she attracts the attention of the Duca di Maladetta, a gentleman who has sold his soul to the Prince of Darkness as a price for certain magnetic powers, which he exercises in an arbitrary manner. He cannot seriously injure the naive Scotch lassie, whose early familiarity with the supernatural had perhaps given her unusual chances; but he makes himself most unpleasant, causing her to fail in her best parts; getting his "basilisk eyes" on her nerves; and abducting her in a boat on the Lake of Como, buried under a heap of melons. Mephisto proves himself after all but a feeble ally to the Duke, who is finally sold in more senses than one. The Scotch lassie has many more adventures, nearly as much "by the orn'ary," as she would have said in her simple Scottish dialect, as these. She runs away from home so often that the reader loses count; and she discovers ancestors in all the old people she meets and lovers in the young. The way in which the story is told is as calm as that of the heroine who, when "he" died, very unexpectedly married the barber, and afterwards went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf; and the narrative excites the reader in about the same degree, except that it is not funny. The nearest touch at a joke is calling a lady's train a "caudal appendage."

Madame Bovary has had a great many followers of more or less humble pretensions from *The Surgeon's Wife* of Miss Braddon downwards. *Mrs. Peter Howard* is one of the latest and not one of the most pretentious. *Mrs. Peter Howard* is a pretty, delicate, rather feeble little woman who is mated with a coarse, vulgar husband, sent to live in a country district where she does not meet any sympathetic spirits, and habitually neglects the small household duties which might have been big enough to occupy her mental vacuum. The idea of supplying her soul's craving in the fashion adopted by the wife of the unfortunate Bovary never presents itself to *Mrs. Peter Howard*, and would not have been entertained by her if it had. Nevertheless, when Captain Gressey appears on the scene, also suffering from an unlucky marriage, and father of two little girls who, in their semi-orphan condition, have made friends with *Mrs. Howard*, the situation becomes disagreeable. The well-worn, old, unwholesome business of flirtation, in the guise of sentimental friendship between a man and a woman, both old enough to know better and both perfectly aware of what they will drift into, presents itself, and is not managed in any fashion likely by originality or novelty to please better than

it usually does. The social atmosphere which surrounds the poor little heroine is coarse and heavy, yet it is not so artistically described as to throw her figure into purer relief. The crass stupidities and underbred foibles of the inhabitants of Crabberton are accentuated, so as to blur rather than throw up the more delicate lines intended to excite interest for Milicent. This is a mistake. Crabberton is too minutely painted as a background, and Milicent is not prominent as a central figure. There is no humour, and the pathos scarcely rings true.

Mr. S. Laing says in his preface to his novel, *A Sporting Quixote*, that *Don Quixote* and *Sartor Resartus* are the models he has endeavoured to follow in inditing what we suppose to be his first essay in fiction. This will give the ordinary reader of three-volume novels pause, especially after the author's assurance that "ingenious plots, stirring incidents, and sensational characters" are not to be found in the succeeding pages. The "Novel-readers, beware!" of the heading, however, might have been spared as far as Cervantes and Carlyle are concerned. There is nothing to recall either great names, whether to frighten or to reassure. There are some sporting anecdotes and incidents not exciting and not funny, a great deal of sage reflection, and many sensible remarks; some amiable joking, and some art criticism of a most feeble kind. The first volume exhausts all the author has to tell of the sporting adventures of the Hon. Augustus Fitzmuddle; so in the second the young gentleman is rushed by a process of heir-slaughter into the Earldom of Muddleton and taken over to Ireland, where he purchases an estate, and does an immense amount of good to the poor tenants. In the present state of affairs this is so startling a proceeding that it throws into the shade every "sporting incident" which has preceded it; and perhaps this is what Mr. Laing had in his mind when he called Mr. Fitzmuddle a "sporting Quixote." Otherwise the parallel would appear inexact.

In the Pride of his Manhood is a well-intentioned, crude little story, which has nothing to do with the extension of the suffrage. It is meant as a warning against the temptations of brandy and opium, used as barriers against the ennui of existence. The arguments do not go much beyond the "You-didn't-ought" weight; and the examples, though exceptional, are scarcely likely to soften behaviour by terror and pity.

COMPARATIVE LITERATURE.*

IT needed a clever man, and a well-read man, and a man, look you, who was LL.D. and F.L.S. and M.A. too, and a Barrister-at-Law moreover, and a Professor to boot, to write such a quaintly dull and blundering book as *Comparative Literature*. When once we pause to think, however, what comparative literature might be made to mean, we are struck by Professor Posnett's moderation. He seems to have said a great deal that is mixed, and a great deal that is superfluous, and a great deal that every educated man takes for granted, and a great deal that is inaccurate; but then, how much more he might have said! There is no reason why a book like this should ever stop; yet stop it does in the long run.

Every one will admit that literature, like everything else, is much and essentially affected by the climatic and tellurian and social and religious and physiological conditions and environment of the authors of that literature. Eskimo will probably not produce such flowerly poems as Persians; people who have no national gods will not turn out the hymn of Callimachus to Zeus; people who have no international sports will not sing epician odes; races always at war with all their neighbours will not indulge in the philanthropy of Shelley; and hopelessly ignorant tribes will refrain from alluding to the scientific emotions and sentiments of Goethe. All this is perfectly true, but it is also perfectly trite. It has become too obvious to be worth speaking about, though we admit that a well-ordered sketch of universal literature, beginning with the "improvisations" in which Aristotle found the origin of song, and passing through *Volkslieder*, *Chansons de geste*, epic, drama, and conscious personal lyric, might have considerable interest. Yet we find very little interest in Mr. Posnett's *Comparative Literature*. The arrangement seems by no means well ordered. Heaps of information (not always correct) are "shot" (like rubbish) all over the place; and, if this information is necessary and ought to be given, why is other information equally necessary withheld? All the lore of comparative climates, structure of country, fauna and flora may be left out (as happily they are for the most part), because M. Taine has been so prolix on these subjects. But, if we are constantly to be lectured on the "Clan" stage of society, on community of land and community of responsibility, why should not the whole development of religion and society be described in the same manner? It is just as germane to the topic of literature. As far as Hades and the state of the Dead go, Mr. Posnett offers us plenty of early religion. "The Hades of the Clan, therefore, like that of the Odyssey or the Hebrew She'ol, is merely a subterranean gathering of buried kinsmen whose life is a pale reflection of their life on earth. Reward and punishment, the terrors or consolations of an individualism not yet developed, have here no place, and for a reason easy to understand. The reason is

* *Comparative Literature*. By Hutcheson Macaulay Posnett, M.A., LL.D., F.L.S., Barrister-at-Law, Professor of Classics and English Literature, University College, Auckland, New Zealand. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1886.

that each clan, as a corporation which 'never dies,' suffers, or is liable to suffer, for the sins committed by any of its members as long as atonement is not made. Hence, the place of personal reward or punishment in a future state is taken by corporate responsibility in the present state." And Mr. Posnett flies into the Desert and descants on the *Thár*, or Blood Revenge of the Bedawi, who, we venture to presume, are the Bedouins.

Now all this appears to us in the first place to be incorrect, in the second to be superfluous, and in the third to omit much that really is of interest in the history of literature. No personal reward or punishment in the future state! What did Ixion suffer, and Sisyphus, and Tantalus? As will appear later, Mr. Posnett takes a distinction and calls them "demigods"; but all heroes were of divine blood, like Ixion and the rest, on the father's side. Mr. Posnett appeals to the *Odyssey* for "the Hades of the Clan," but he does not show us the whole houses of the great mythical offenders suffering with them. Then, as to personal responsibility in a future state and personal punishment there, we refer him to the prayer of Agamemnon in the taking of the oath (*Iliad*, iii. 275), "Ye that punish beneath the earth the souls of men outworn, of whosoever perjures himself." The punishment of the collective clan of the perjurer is not alluded to here, and if elsewhere his children's children are said to suffer, it is apparently in this world (*Iliad*, iv. 161). Again, in the Hades of races in what is called the "Clan" stage, individuals are punished, though generally for some omission of ritual practice, or for some misadventure or misconduct on the way to the home of the Dead. But the whole matter is tolerably superfluous in a book on *Comparative Literature*, unless the comparison is also to include, what is far more important, a view of the whole history of religion and the evolution of gods. Finally, the early non-Christian theories of Hades, from those of Melanesia or the Ojibeways to the Egyptian Book of the Dead, have this literary interest, that they are full of strange and striking situations, and ideas which do not die, but still inform much Christian and especially much medieval poetry. If the subject is to be brought in at all, this is its true literary interest. The remark that the "communal rites of burial . . . are but the appropriate dismissal of a comrade to shadow-land, in which reward and punishment for things done in the light of the sun have no place," is as inaccurate as the belief in the universal prevalence of "common ownership of land" in the Clan stage. Mr. Posnett will probably find that the Maoris, among whom his lot is now cast, had pretty definite notions of private property in the soil.

How remote all this is from the study of literature! What a mixture we have here of a lot of struggling new sciences, in a science (that of literature) which the world can do very well without. Literature is its own reward, and is to be enjoyed rather than made the pretext for an excursion into the realm of M. de Laveleye and Sir Henry Maine and Mr. Herbert Spencer. Mr. Posnett, who objects to the study of literature under "a priesthood of textual pedants," should remember that a man may be pedantic without being textual, and that his pedantry may be irrelevant and inaccurate. Now his chapter on the development of Greek prose, which he tells us that he omitted from want of space, would, if accurate, have been to the purpose, as indeed is his chapter on the development of choral song. But the Hades of the Clan, and the Blood Feud, and the subjection of women among the Greeks, have really very little relation to the business in hand. Nay, we are at this moment tempted to wander into the wilderness after Mr. Posnett, and to quarrel with him about the precise legal sense of the word *δῆμος* in Homer. This is but an example of the results of an erroneous method, for the question raised would be entirely a question, not of literature, but of early history.

But perhaps we need not trouble ourselves much as to what Mr. Posnett says about Greek. In pursuing his wandering remarks about the Clan Hades through his book we find him maintaining that Tantalus is not a man, but is "expressly called a *δαιμόν*." This certainly astounded us; for we had no recollection of any passage in which Homer uses *δαιμόν*, as Plutarch might conceivably have done, to denote a member of the heroic race, though the word in the plural, in Hesiod, nearly corresponds to the Sanskrit *Pitrīs*, the sacred Fathers. But that Tantalus should be called a *δαιμόν* seemed truly amazing, and the only possible explanation seemed a confusion by Mr. Posnett with *δαίμον*. However, he gave his authority, *Odyssey*, xi. 587. And here is the authority!—

'Οσσάκι γὰρ κύψε' ὁ γέρων πίεσσε μενεάνιν,
Τοσσάκις ὑδωρ ἀπολέσκετε' ἀναβροχέν, ἀμφὶ δὲ ποσσὸν
Γαῖα μέλανα φάνεσκε, καταγύνασκε δὲ δαιμόνων.'

Mr. Posnett, apparently, as he thinks *δαιμόν* refers to "the old man" Tantalus, must construe the passage thus, "For often as that old man stooped down in his eagerness to drink, so often the water was swallowed up, and vanished away, and the black earth showed at his feet, and the devil (*δαιμόν*) was thirsty." Of course it is superfluous to point out that the last words mean, "for some god parched it evermore"—"κατεξηραύεν—dried it up," is what the Scholiast says. After this amazing "howler," as undergraduates have it, Mr. Posnett's opinion that the initiated at the Eleusinia were an "esoteric circle" excites little astonishment. Only a few weeks ago we had to correct a surprising misstatement of Mr. Wilkins's about a passage in the *Odyssey*. To-day we see what another Irish reprobate of "textual pedants" is capable of in the way of naked ignorance and frank blundering, for Mr. Posnett, too,

hails from Trinity College, Dublin. Irish scholars should read Homer before publishing books about *Sheól* (or *She'ol*), and Hades, and the dreary realm of Mictlan, and Lodbrok's Paradise, and all manner of heterogeneous information. But to know anything rightly may be "textual pedantry," and detestable to Irish Professors.

EVERYDAY LIFE IN CHINA.*

THIS work is one among many signs that there is springing up in China a race of missionaries who recognize that there are other means of converting the heathen than by preaching formal sermons and distributing moral pocket-handkerchiefs. Chinamen are unaccustomed to set harangues. They will listen for a short time if, as is not always the case, the foreign missionary succeeds in making himself intelligible, but their attention soon flags, and they are apt to relieve the monotony of their enforced presence by either talking or sleeping. Mr. Dukes mentions that an American missionary at Canton preached to an audience of several hundred Chinamen every day for nineteen years without making a single convert. Experience is thus teaching that missionaries must adapt their instruction to circumstances. It no more follows that, because formal sermons are considered profitable in England, they must be successful means of converting the Chinese than that, because bird-nest soup is regarded as a nourishing diet in the Flowery Land, it must be essential to the welfare of Englishmen. These considerations have induced men of Mr. Dukes's stamp to adopt conversational discussions instead of sermons, and short prayers in place of lengthened liturgies. A Chinaman loves an argument, and his attention is at once aroused by questions and answers; and, though deeply prejudiced in favour of his own belief, he is too logically minded to refuse to accept a conclusion legitimately arrived at. In this way a genuine interest is excited, and the men forget to yawn and scratch themselves, and the women to talk to one another and to their babies.

In the same way the modern missionary finds that he has to be careful, in using imagery, to employ only such as conveys to the minds of the audience the meaning intended. "If," says Mr. Dukes, "you were relating to an agricultural audience in the south of China, and in the north also to townspeople, the sufferings of the persecuted saints of old, it would never do to tell them that 'they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins.' You would err as much as the Moravian missionaries did who first preached of the fires of hell to the Greenlanders. Those Arctic folks were immensely pleased with the prospect of going there, and the missionaries were naturally very much shocked at the result of their own preaching. And so to the Chinese mind the wandering about in sheep-skins and goat-skins does not at all imply that they were 'destitute, afflicted, tormented.' They would very much like to be persecuted to that degree."

We agree with Mr. Dukes in thinking that, though missionary work has been fairly successful in China, the people will never be converted through the lips of foreigners. The foundation must be laid by Europeans, but the Christianization of the nation must be the work of native apostles. Already there exists a considerable staff of local deacons who are found useful auxiliaries, but no great prophet has as yet arisen, and we must wait for such an avatar before we can look for any rapid spread of Christianity. That the ears of the Chinese are not absolutely closed to foreign creeds is shown by the extraordinary hold which Buddhism has acquired in the country. It is true that in the process of assimilation the Chinese have debased a peculiarly pure faith into a degraded superstition; but, such as it is, it holds the first place among the religions of China, if we exclude the Confucian system of morality, and its temples form conspicuous objects in the crowded streets of cities, in village lanes, and on mountain-sides. By the assumption of sanctity and the maintenance of a rich ritual, the priests preserve sufficient influence over the people to induce them to supply the necessities of themselves and their religion; and, though their personal ministrations mainly relate to purely superstitious observances, they yet scrupulously maintain their full liturgical services, which, from the constant admixture of Sanskrit words, have practically become esoteric rites participated in only by the priesthood. Since the time of the French missionary Premare, who wrote from China to the Pope that in the outward forms of Buddhism "the devil had mimicked Holy Mother Church in order to scandalize her," a similarity between some of the external rites of the two Churches have been generally recognized. "The high altar and smaller shrines; the gaudy colours, lighted candles, and smoking incense; intoned prayers and chants in 'a tongue not understood of the people'; the shaven celibates, the acolytes and choristers; the officiating priests in embroidered cope; pictures and many images (one of which, Kwan-im, is surprisingly like to Romish statues of the Virgin carrying the infant Jesus); the constant genuflexions, the tinkling of a bell as the signal for prostration, the sprinkling of holy water, the elevation and sacrifice of holy rice; the procession and long-continued ejaculation of 'Praise to Buddha' (resembling the 'Hail Mary') the use of strings of beads to reckon the repetitions—

* *Everyday Life in China; or, Scenes along River and Road in Fuh-kien.* By Edwin Joshua Dukes. With a Map and Illustrations. London: The Religious Tract Society.

all these," writes Mr. Dukes, agreeing with Premare, "recall most vividly the services of the Roman Church."

But Mr. Dukes's book is by no means entirely taken up with discussions on Christianity and Buddhism. He has plenty to say about the country and people, more especially of the province of Fuh-kien and its inhabitants. For several reasons this is a most interesting district. Not only is its scenery beautiful, but the people show an unusually large admixture of non-Chinese blood, and possess some striking affinities with the pre-Chinese tribes of the north-eastern province of Shan-tung. When the whole history of the early races of China shall be written, we shall probably find that, when dispossessed by the advancing Chinese, the aborigines on the north-eastern coast followed the shore southwards and left colonies by the way, in Fuh-kien and elsewhere. Much that Mr. Dukes tells us of the people—their dress, manners, and customs—supports this theory. One marked and unfortunate peculiarity about them at the present time is their turbulence, and some of the fiercest opposition which foreigners generally, and missionaries in particular, have encountered of late in China has been met with at their hands. Mr. Dukes has travelled much among them, and recounts his experiences in a natural and readable style.

RADICAL PIONEERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

TO those who know a funny book when they see it (and it may be observed that the lantern of Diogenes is not quite out of place in looking for such), Dr. Daly's *Radical Pioneers of the Eighteenth Century* may be heartily recommended. Nor should this recommendation be suspect; though we own that we differ with Dr. Daly very strongly as to the merits of his pioneers, and are inclined to think that, as a London East End clergyman, he might have found much better work to do than indoctrinating young men with Radical politics. For such, he tells us, was the genesis of his book. But Dr. Daly is of such an innocent geniality, his judgments on particular points (despite his Radicalism) are generally so respectable, his book is so full of cryptic and unconscious humour, and it is such a charming specimen of pillar-to-post narrative, that we put it down in perfect charity with the author. Exactly what it is would be very hard to say, though it is very easy and perfectly correct to say that Dr. Daly's own title is an almost complete misnomer. It might perhaps be best described as a desultory discourse on Horne Tooke with infinite digressions on that writer's friends, enemies, contemporaries, and non-contemporaries, the whole seasoned with abundant remarks on things in general. We cannot say that Dr. Daly shines as an exact historian. To say that "Wilkes and Stevenson had admitted him [Sterne] to their boon companionship in the Medmenham orgies," though it is partly qualified in the index as "*supposed* companionship," &c., is to translate entirely baseless and highly improbable scandal into solemn assertion. But if he is regarded less solemnly he is a most pleasing writer. Take this definition of a Tory; see how Dr. Daly holds the mirror up to the wicked. Thurlow "was a Tory by natural disposition; a man whose originally narrow mind had never been enlarged by the acquisition of general knowledge or even by any profound study of his own profession, and who attempted to cover his deficiencies by a haughty assurance and overbearing demeanour." There you have your Tory taken *sur le vif* by a master-hand. Again: "Here the young curate [Horne] was demoralized with tea and muffins, and partly in natural sequence became afflicted with two serious disorders, love and ague." Which is which? If muffins be the food of love, tea must be aguish; if tea (and we remember a remarkable document which asserted this) is erotic, muffins lead to quinine. Either proposition is most interesting. But the best thing perhaps in the book is the simile for a Whig. We have read the definition of a Tory. Now for 'tother. "Long possession of power had benumbed the faculties of the Whigs and paralysed their energies; they now reposed in luxuriousness and idleness, as useless as forgotten shells on a battle-field." If the forgotten shell does not beat the extinct volcano, we are no critics, and we would dare put the question to the ghost of Lord Beaconsfield himself. We have, unluckily, no space for longer comment on Dr. Daly, but we have said enough to show that he is a most amusing writer on historical subjects, and if he likes to go on we have nothing to say to him but what he himself, with some orthographical peculiarity, calls the "rule of Rabellais, *Fait ce que voudras*." Anybody, or almost anybody, can spell; but it is not anybody who could have devised the above definition of a Tory or the above simile for a Whig.

A NEW HAKLUYT.†

TO undertake to reprint "the elaborate and excellent Collection" of Hakluyt is so commendable a thing in itself that Mr. Goldsmid had no need to cite the authority of Oldys as a justification. For the rest, too, the quotation from the British Librarian is not altogether in place at the head of the editor's preface, and for two reasons.

* *Radical Pioneers of the Eighteenth Century.* By J. Bowes Daly, LL.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein.

† *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation.* Collected by Richard Hakluyt, Preacher, and edited by Edmund Goldsmid, F.R.H.S. Edinburgh: E. & G. Goldsmid.

Firstly, because Hakluyt has been reprinted, and well reprinted, since Oldys wrote, and, secondly, because Mr. Goldsmid is not so much reprinting as re-editing the collection. "I have," he says, "taken upon myself to alter the order of the different voyages. I have grouped together those voyages which relate to the same parts of the globe, instead of adopting the somewhat haphazard arrangement of the original edition." Mr. Goldsmid also promises notes and elucidations. It is, perhaps, as yet early to pass a judgment on the way in which he is doing his work. The rearrangement of the narratives is at least a harmless innovation; but the editor must give us a comparative index at the end if he wishes to avoid seriously detracting from the value of this edition for purposes of reference and quotation. Mr. Goldsmid's promise of annotations has as yet borne little or no fruit. He assures the reader who may be inclined to cavil at their brevity that many a line has cost him hours of research. Brevity is a virtue in notes, and we assuredly shall not cavil at Mr. Goldsmid on that score, but research cannot be dispensed with so easily as length, and there are as yet no signs of it. Not much toil is required, for instance, to find out who Vincent of Beauvais was. The name at least of the author of the *Speculum Majus* is known to many by no means profoundly learned persons. Mr. Goldsmid mentions him duly in a note and a few others, which is well as far as it goes; but where annotations would have been of much greater value they are not to be found. The voyages of Octher and of Wolstan stand greatly in need of illustration, and the "Liber of English Policie" would bear a longish commentary. Mr. Goldsmid has nothing to say about any of the three. Now it would be unreasonable to ask him to do for the voyages of Octher and Wolstan what Captain Auguste Mer has done for the "Peripius" of Hanno, to interpret them by the light of seamanship and a long familiarity with the coasts named by the navigators; but a few geographical notes ought to have been bestowed on them. The "Liber of English Policie" again calls loudly for illustration by what is known of the trade of mediæval Europe. It may be that Mr. Goldsmid is keeping himself for the Elizabethan voyages. But, even if he is as sparing as he has hitherto been of notes to the end, we shall still be his debtors for an accessible edition of Hakluyt, well printed on decent paper in its smaller and cheaper form, and in its large-paper copy decidedly handsome.

The parts of the reprint have now appeared at fairly regular intervals until they amount to two volumes. These are occupied with voyages to the North and North-East of Europe. The most interesting part of Hakluyt has not yet been touched, for these sections do not contain any of the narratives of the voyages of the seamen of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The first contains a curious *omnium gatherum* of extracts from chronicles, lists of ships, charters, and an indignant treatise by an Icelander, who had been lashed into a state of fury by some ribald German jokes about his native land. The second is almost wholly occupied with the journey of Johannes de Plano Carpini to the great Khan. Hakluyt was not more concerned to write a history of discovery than to convince foreigners that Englishmen had not neglected the sea. It was a sufficiently ignorant and very French observation of Popilinière's, "in his booke called L'Amiral de France," which first set Hakluyt to work to show that his countrymen had not neglected their native element, and he laid hands on everything which showed, or seemed to show, that the people of this island had ever done anything on blue water at all. His choice of authorities was worthy of the criticism of his age. He quotes Geoffrey of Monmouth in all good faith, which, however, does not look so very primitive when one remembers that Campbell, in his Lives of the Admirals, begins by a long chapter on the naval expeditions of the Britons before the arrival of Julius Caesar. As a matter of course, a good deal has been swept in by Hakluyt's net which would have been rejected by a fine critical faculty as not bearing on the subject or as of no value as evidence; but this question of trustworthiness troubled not the young light-hearted compiler of the sixteenth century. He came across what looked like a good story, and in he put it. Neither did his instinct guide him far wrong, for there is nothing in this first volume which is not worth reading on one ground or another. Even the "Chronicle of the Kings of Man from Camden's Chronographia," though a dreary record of slaughter, has a value as a reminder of the existence of the Norse States of the West. Now and then we come across things written centuries ago which enforce that ancient piece of wisdom, the oldness of all under the sun. Take, for instance, "that excellent and pithy treatise de politia conservativa maris; which I (Hakluyt) cannot to anything more fitly compare than to the Emperor of Russia his palace called the golden castle," the rude Kremlin with its gorgeous contents. You open the "Liber of English Policie," written between 1416 and 1438, at the chapter "of the commodities of Ireland, and policie and keeping thereof and conquering of wild Irish," and you find of the havens of Ireland:—

And as men sayne in England be there none
Better havens, ships in to ride,
No more sure for enemies to abide.

Therefore:—

Nowe here beware and heartily take intent
As yee will answeare at last judgment,
That for slought and for racheshede
Yee remember with all your might to hede,
To keepe Ireland that it be not lost.
For it is a boterasse and a post,
Under England and Wales another
God forbid, but ech were othes brother

Of one liegeance due unto the King.
But I have pittie in good faith of this thing,
That I shall say with avisenment
I am aferde that Ireland will be shent :
It must away it wol be lost from us.
But if thou helpe, thou Jesu gracious,
And give us grace al slought to leve beside,
For much thing in my harte is hide,
Which in another treatise I caste to write,
Made al onely for that soile and site
Of fertile Ireland whiche might not be forborne
But if England were nigh as gode as gone.
God forbid that a wild Irish wirlinge
Should be chosen for to be their Kinge
After her conquesste for our last puissance
And hinder us by other lands alliance.

Truly, if the author of the "Libel" were alive to-day, and talking things over with his patron the "wise Lord Baron of Hungerford," they would have "slought and racheshede," and the consequences thereof, as displayed in Ireland, to discuss, much as they did between 1416 and 1458. The matter for that other treatise would not fail.

WAR-SHIPS.*

IT is to be presumed that this book is partly intended as a kind of manual for those who need the most elementary instruction respecting the subject it treats; but, even on this supposition, it is not easy to understand with what possible object some portions of it were written. We are loth to revive Lord Macaulay's schoolboy, who has been rightly allowed to rest for some time; but it must be said that only a very backward schoolboy can be ignorant of some of the facts which the author states with the most solemn emphasis. A traveller may want to know the best way to Vienna, but will scarcely require to be told that Vienna is in Austria, and in like manner a man desirous of obtaining some knowledge of the power and structure and efficiency of our war-ships will, perhaps, hardly want to be gravely told that in war-time their duties will consist in "seeking out, pursuing, and taking or destroying the enemy's War-ships; in blockading the enemy's ports; in intercepting his convoys, capturing his merchant ships, and crippling his commerce; and, further, in guarding the high-roads of our trade and of our food supplies, and in defending our ports from attack, and our shores from a hostile landing." Dr. Losberne was surprised that the burglars came at night, and without any previous notice, and perhaps Sir William Cusack-Smith thinks that to some readers this valuable information will be new and interesting.

If this passage stood alone it would not need notice, as a little platitude at the outset of a work is quite pardonable, but unfortunately there are many like it in the book. Indeed the writer seems to have a very genius for truisms, and there is something at once comic and pathetic in the sententious and innocent manner in which he utters them, as though he was telling the world what the world might well be glad to learn. Thus, he gravely states, as a vessel can only carry a certain weight in guns, ammunition, armour, machinery, and fuel for any given displacement in addition to weight of hull, it follows that, if it be found necessary specially to develop one element, be it armament, speed, or coal endurance, a corresponding sacrifice of weight and resultant efficiency will have to be made in another direction. Now this is no doubt true, and so it would be perfectly true to say that, with a house of a given size, a large number of sitting-rooms will diminish the space available for bedrooms, and vice versa; but perhaps the statement would be superfluous. The knowledge, however, thus thoughtfully imparted seems recondite when compared with that placed at the reader's disposal in the next paragraph, which we must give verbatim, as it is in its way perfect:—

It is for the naval architect to so apportion his disposable weight-carrying power, as to more especially provide those qualities which are required to enable the particular ship to efficiently perform her contemplated duties.

For every ship will in the long run have her own work to do, and the measure of her usefulness will be its satisfactory fulfilment.

This could hardly be excelled; but it is only fair to say that the author quite equals it a little later on when he states, with a sententious gravity which is extremely funny, that the longer a ship for any given displacement, and the higher out of the water, the more area of side to protect, and the greater the weight of any required thickness of armour. The late Sir Archibald Alison was scarcely more inspired when he wrote a remark about compound interest at which the wicked jeered.

Many other instances of truisms might be cited from this quaint book; but probably our readers will not desire any further specimens. It may be thought that there is some impertinence in offering such very trite stuff to the public; but the writer's fervent and simple belief in the value of what he says is so obvious, and he is clearly so anxious to give instruction which he thinks is needed, and to make people understand something about our warships, that it is impossible to judge his book severely or to charge him with anything worse than utter ignorance of where to begin in teaching, and it should be said that some of the information he gives may be useful to those who know very little about ships and want to acquire elementary knowledge. He explains what displace-

ment is, and what is meant by "stability," "stiffness," "steadiness," tries to explain the meta-centre, which, simple as it is, proves such a stumbling-block to writers on naval architecture, because they will not be satisfied with the simple definition, endeavours further to expound other things, and also discourses learnedly on the fighting power of ships of war. He is to be commanded for having the courage of his opinions, and for not being afraid to differ from high authorities; but it is to be feared that his views will not greatly recommend themselves to naval officers and naval architects, though possibly these experts may find them amusing. Thus, relying on what we cannot but think a rather careless expression of the late Sir George Rose Sartorius, he is apparently of opinion that ordinary ironclads should not have rams, or at least that, generally speaking, they should not try to ram in action, which comes to much the same thing. It is not easy to understand how such a contention can be seriously advanced. What is the most terrible and deadly achievement of modern naval warfare? Surely the ramming of the *Ré d'Italia*, and there is good reason to believe that, if the Austrian admiral's original plan had been carried out, nearly all the Italian ships would have been destroyed. Even if the authority of Admiral Sartorius is the other way, it seems absurd, then, to argue against attempts to ram by ordinary ironclads, and equally absurd is it to argue, as Sir William Cusack-Smith does, that they need not have very high speed. No doubt, if ironclads are forbidden to ram, the quicker vessel would lose the enormous advantage which she ought to have if she can once get astern of her antagonist; but it is difficult to believe that if we partially disarm our ships and then make them slow in order that the loss of the arm may not be felt, Continental countries will follow our example. On a par with what Sir William Cusack-Smith says about speed is what he says about guns, as in both instances he fails to recognize the necessities of the case. He considers that guns are too big and too heavy, and so from one point of view they are; but if the armour of ships is constantly increased in thickness, what can be done but increase the strength of the gun? If the vital parts of a great foreign ironclad are to be protected by thirty inches of steel armour, we must have guns which can pierce that armour, or else run the risk of our most powerful vessel having to combat an invulnerable antagonist. On this point, then, as on the other two, Sir W. Cusack-Smith must be pronounced wrong, so far as it is possible to speak positively on that most uncertain and difficult of all subjects, naval warfare. Before he writes again, he will do well to study naval problems a little more closely; to get rid of the idea that he can jump intuitively at conclusions; to learn that, even allowing for the general ignorance, it is not necessary to explain that two and two make four; and, further, to beware of scraps of Latin. He deserves credit, however, for a frank and straightforward expression of opinion, and for an attempt to draw attention to a most important matter, concerning which Englishmen are apt to show unaccountable apathy, save during brief periods of spasmodic excitement.

THE LAND OF GREECE.*

A NEW Pausanias, describing Greece and the ruins of its cities, mediæval as well as ancient, and narrating just so much of its history as is bound up with these, is a book for which we have often wished. Consequently our hopes were raised when we opened the volume before us and found it divided into chapters on the various districts, much in the manner of the ancient tourist, with a prefatory statement that it was an "endeavour to describe Greece as it is—the present condition of the scenes which past events have hallowed—and to gather up the mythic and historical associations that cling about them." And we were not a little disappointed on finding that this excellent design had been ruined by feeble execution, and that the book was made up of scraps of history borrowed from Grote and Finlay tacked on to scraps of description extracted from books of travel and gazetteers. The disadvantage of treating history in local sections is, as Polybius and others long ago discovered, that most events of importance have to be discussed several times over; and this disadvantage can only be outweighed when there is an attempt to reconstruct the life of each district from such hints as the minor ancient writers and the inscriptions and antiquities may afford, and then to point out its relation to the great events of history. Such an attempt Mr. Hanson has not made; and, indeed, his only endeavour to connect the various districts with their history is in a discussion of their mountains, rivers, and plains with reference to the theory that the civilization of a nation is determined by the configuration of its fatherland. For this a work which deals only with the mainland of Greece and the Ionian Islands is obviously inadequate. Hellenic civilization was not the product of this region alone; and if it is to be discussed with reference to this theory, something must be said about such places as Cyrene and Naucratis and Kertch, and a good deal about Sicily and Asia Minor.

Mr. Hanson, who apparently has not visited Greece himself, seems in several instances to have relied on untrustworthy descriptions. He is unlucky, for example, in referring to the temple of Demeter as crowning the hill on which Eleusis stood,

* Our War-ships. A Naval Essay. By Sir William Cusack-Smith, Bart. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1886.

* The Land of Greece, described and illustrated. By Charles Henry Hanson. London, Edinburgh, and New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 1886.

when it is really at the foot of the hill and partly subterranean; and equally unlucky in saying that the neighbourhood of the modern city of Corfu bears no resemblance to the scenes described by Homer, when unbroken tradition has identified the long rock in the bay below One Gun Battery with the Phaeacian ship that was turned to stone. In other cases his information is not up to date. The mountain road through Janina and Mezzovo is not the common route by which travellers approach Thessaly; they take the steamer to Volo, and then go by train to Larissa direct, or change at Pharsala for Pharsalia. With the Laurium Railway and a good road, it cannot be said that an excursion from Athens to Sunium, except by sea, is not an easy undertaking; nor can it be said that Dr. Schliemann's researches at Tiryns have been without any important results, since he has unearthed the great palace. And then Mr. Hanson has a provoking way of stopping short of the real points of interest in his description. When he says that excavations at Delphi have exposed the huge foundation-walls to view, he might as well have gone on to say that several hundred Delphian decrees were found inscribed on those walls. Or, again, in narrating how Aegeus cast himself down from a rock into the sea on beholding the black sails of his son's ship, it was worth mentioning that it was upon the rather well-known rock called the Acropolis of Athens that the King sat watching for the ship; and had Mr. Hanson borne this in mind, he would not have made Aegeus cast himself from the rock into the sea, which is four miles off.

In a work that attempts to deal with all Greece and its history in the compass of a single volume, some districts and some periods must necessarily be favoured at the expense of others. It may be questioned whether Mr. Hanson has selected his favoured districts with judgment, whether he has done wisely in lingering about Paxos to relate the death of Pan (which he quotes, oddly enough, from Rabelais instead of from Plutarch), and then hurrying past Cythera without a word about the birth of Aphrodite. But his favoured periods are unquestionably badly chosen. There is a great deal too much of the legendary age, and the more or less important events that had the misfortune to occur between the time of Alexander the Great and the War of Independence are either ignored or only mentioned with something of an apology. The early relations of Athens with Rome should at least have been sketched; such transactions as the sale of the Morea to the Knights of Rhodes by Theodore Paleologos deserved, at any rate, a bare mention; and the exploits of such men as Villehardouin, Prince of Achaea, would have been better worth relating than those of some shady Greek leaders of the present century. But Mr. Hanson has been blinded to the importance of all these things by a fetish-worship of "liberty"—something between Grote's approval of democracy and Byron's love for freedom—and he cannot even see that the art and learning which mainly make ancient Greece of interest to us flourished at least as well under the despots as under the demagogues. Still, in relating the broad facts of history which he does think fit to mention, Mr. Hanson is accurate enough, though he eliminates the incidents that give them a human interest—failing, for instance, to tell us that Pindar's home was spared when Thebes was razed or that Cervantes was one of the twenty-five thousand men who fought against the Turks at Lepanto. But when he comes down to details he falls into difficulties. Thus he states that at Thermopylae, six centuries after the battle, the traveller might see the monument inscribed with the names of the Spartan dead that had been erected to mark the site. But, though Herodotus learnt the names verbally at Thermopylae, it was at Sparta that Pausanias saw the monument with the inscription. Then he states that the great statue of Zeus was removed from Olympia to Constantinople, and was destroyed in a fire there in 475 A.D. But there is every reason to suppose that the statue perished when the temple at Olympia was burnt down in 408 A.D., for the story of its removal to Constantinople rests solely on the authority of that muddle-headed chronicler Cedren, who was probably thinking of the abortive attempt to remove it to Rome in Caligula's time. Errors of this sort—and there are many of them—are of course unimportant; but they might just as well have been avoided. The book as a whole is a conscientious compilation, and is free from the reckless blundering that characterizes most popular works on Greece. It only remains to add that it is well printed, that there are some clear maps and some very fair views, and that the binding is in good taste.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE three Academic discourses which M. Pailleron has printed together are very happy examples of a still famous kind of composition, which is getting rarer and rarer in France (1). The subjects are rather curiously contrasted in point of difficulty. In his own *Discours de réception*, M. Pailleron had to devote himself to the praise of Charles Blanc, certainly a very estimable and valuable person in his own way, but one whose way had no particular connexion with M. Pailleron's way, and who moreover did not lend himself very conveniently to the most successful sort of treatment. On the other hand, in answering M. Halévy the speaker or writer had an almost ideal subject, the performances of a man very congenial to himself in literary and other principles,

(1) *Discours académiques*. Par Edouard Pailleron. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

and just sufficiently distinguished from him in style and class of work to make rivalry impossible or at least unlikely. Between the two stands a speech on the Prix Monthyon, in which a satirist and a comic writer of less dexterity than M. Pailleron might have found himself rather awkwardly placed. He has extricated himself from the difficulty with extraordinary skill and success, taking advantage of the quasi-ridiculous character assigned by popular wit to these prizes to draw a really masterly sketch of the foibles and contradictions of the French character—a sketch which will most assuredly live. To say that the whole book is full of that French of the best kind which is getting rarer and rarer every day is only to say that it is M. Pailleron's. Its pages are not large or numerous, and it can be read in very brief time; nor will any one who knows how to appreciate what is best in French literature and French character easily find better employment for an hour's easy reading.

A tenth edition of M. Richepin's *La mer* (2) comes with almost miraculous appropriateness of contrast to show the mode of French writing and thinking most opposite to M. Pailleron's—a mode, it may be added, at which the witty dramatist has directed not a few shafts in the very papers which we have just been reviewing. We know, of course, that there are persons, not entirely devoid of critical ability, who excuse the extravagances, the atrocious taste, the too frequent sheer blackguardism of the author of *Les Blasphèmes* on the score of his alleged power. Certainly M. Richepin is not without power, and it would be very odd if he could not show it in a volume of verse on such a subject as this. When he submits himself to the laws of taste and sense and (as, for instance, in *Les monstres*) when he attempts neither grimacing, nor ribaldry, nor vulgarity, but permits himself to write grave and majestic verse on a really poetical subject, one sees his power clearly enough. When he is in the other mood we own that we see not so much power as spasmodic efforts to make up for the want of it. Specimens of both veins abound in *La mer*.

We seem to have had unusually often of late the duty of noting with regret the appearance of some book or volume of a book which has been left unfinished by the death of its author. A fresh instance is now before us in the fragmentary third volume of the late M. Aimé Chérest's *Chute de l'ancien régime* (3). This book, designed to give an elaborate account of the period immediately preceding the outbreak of the Revolution proper, was perhaps something of an example of a fault too common nowadays—the fault of disproportionate adjustment of space to time. But it had the excuse that its author was not a professional *littérateur* spinning out his "copy" to catch the public penny, but a barrister in light practice and easy circumstances who had conceived a special affection and had developed no mean talent for historical research, and who made his digest of the proceedings of the notables, &c., a labour of love, as well as of considerable accomplishment in legal and constitutional history.

M. Charles Bigot's *Grèce—Turquie—le Danube* (4) is not and does not pretend to be a very serious study either geographically or politically. It consists of a number of sufficiently lively letters or articles in the now well-known Special Correspondent style, giving a sketch of the present aspect, physical and moral, of the countries chiefly affected by the Eastern Question. The author did not step much out of the way of a circular tour by the Mediterranean to Athens and Olympia, thence by the Egean to Smyrna, then to Broussa and Constantinople, and finally by Bucharest home. He is not quite a Gautier or a Gérard in his sketches of the East, but he writes easily, unpretentiously, and readably.

The twelfth yearly volume of M. Daniel's useful *Année politique* (5) has made its appearance as soon as can reasonably be expected; for in England we are rather apt to hurry with our annuals. The information is, of course, chiefly, but by no means exclusively, French. By the way, it is rather curious to know that M. Daniel considers Australian federation a disaster for England, as being an obvious preliminary to separation. That is not the way the thing is looked at either there or here.

M. Léon Delbos has added another to his useful series of school reading-books. The book (6) is well enough selected, and furnished with a brief introduction and notes. In the former we rather demur to the bare statement that the *Mémoires d'Outretombe* "did not add to Chateaubriand's reputation either as a man or as a writer." There is much to be said against them; but from the purely literary point of view they contain some of his very finest work.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE art of abridgment is too commonly regarded as a matter of calculation and the free use of the scissors, though few branches of editorial labour demand a finer exercise of discrimination and judgment. In editing and reducing to two volumes Buckle's *Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works* (Longmans & Co.) Mr. Grant Allen has skilfully executed a task that cannot be said to be superfluous. Compared with the original three volumes, the present edition is altogether a distinct gain to the

(2) *La mer*. Dixième édition. Par Jean Richepin. Paris: Dreyfous.
(3) *La chute de l'ancien régime*. Par Aimé Chérest. Tome troisième. Paris: Hachette.

(4) *Grèce—Turquie—le Danube*. Par Charles Bigot. Paris: Ollendorff.
(5) *L'année politique*, 1885. Par A. Daniel. Paris: Charpentier.

(6) *Chateaubriand's Voyage en Amérique*. Par Léon Delbos. London: Williams & Norgate.

student. Nothing is omitted that is really valuable and characteristic, and the mass of memoranda and quotation that made up Buckle's commonplace books is now reduced to order and form. The voluminous notes of Buckle's historical research included much that was iterative or trite, much that was clearly not designed for publication, and much that partook of the common nature of note-books which, when lost, are advertised as of no use to any save the owner. Mr. Grant Allen has wisely rejected such extraneous material in the process of sifting, retaining only those passages that illustrate the historian's aims and method, and leaving undisturbed the whole of the minor writings and Miss Helen Taylor's memoir.

What with pamphlets and commentaries and cheap translations of Goethe, an abundant Faust literature of the popular kind has sprung into existence since Mr. Irving expressed the hope that the Lyceum *Faust* would attract general attention to the subject. That hope has, indeed, been abundantly realized. The most humble playgoer has only himself to blame if he has not received enlightenment through Bayard Taylor or Anster, whose versions are now attainable by all. Supplementary to such aids, and scarcely less valuable, is *The Faust Legend* (Remington & Co.), by Mr. Sutherland Edwards, which supplies in handy and cheap form an excellent exposition of the historical development of Faust. Mr. Edwards has collected much curious information from many sources, and traced the dramatic conception of Goethe and Marlowe through the narratives of Widmann and Spiess, till it passes imperceptibly into popular lore and ecclesiastical history. The fruits of research are skilfully presented in Mr. Edwards's workmanlike narrative, and should command just now a multitude of readers.

Under the title *The Philosophy of Art* (Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd) Mr. Hastic translates so much of Hegel's *Ästhetik* as he conceives representative, to which is appended a version of Professor C. L. Michelet's summary of the Hegelian philosophy. From the interesting and enthusiastic preface it may be assumed that the translator is desirous of directing English artists to the study of Hegel. With this desire we readily sympathize, though it betrays an ultra-sanguine disposition; for Mr. Hastic sorrowfully admits that there is no sign in English art of any active influence save that of Mr. Ruskin, to which he might have added the naturalistic movement in the Parisian schools. So much it is easy to predicate of the approaching Academy exhibition. It is extremely doubtful if our painters and sculptors read Lessing and Winckelmann, and absolutely certain that Hegel has no following among them. Art critics, of course, despise him who despised them. Yet for those who produce or create works of art there is no salvation, Mr. Hastic holds, but through Hegel; or, as he himself puts it, even Fichte and Schelling, Winckelmann and Lessing, Goethe and the Schlegels, are but as moonlight to the elemental fire of Hegel.

Mr. Kennell Rodd's *Féda*; with other Poems chiefly Lyrical (David Stott) justifies the anticipations evoked by his former volume. The initial poem *Féda*, which occupies half the book, is an idyllic narrative in rhymed heroic. The metre is handled with marked distinction and success, and reveals much of the innate capacity of this sonorous and flexible measure. The poet's story is a pathetic illustration of love's sacrifice, of love triumphant over destiny, more bitter than death; the theme suggests the couplet of Shelley—

True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.

The three persons of the poem are presented in a romantic atmosphere that is unmarred by a single distracting element or any vagrant touch of disillusion. The descriptive passages—which it were an injury to detach from the sphere-like unity of the poem—possess the delicacy of vision that springs only from intimate and reverent communing with nature. Few readers of Mr. Rodd's poem can fail to be touched by its purity and grace; many will return to it with pleasure when more sublime effusions are a burden.

The scenery of the Hudson river inspires the more characteristic poems in Mr. Thayer's *Songs of Sleepy Hollow* (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The inspiration, it is true, is not often fervid, though it is sufficiently convincing in the poems that commemorate Washington Irving, the beauties of Sleepy Hollow, and the Pocantico.

The author of *Patronage is Power* (Montreal: Dawson) has chanced on a title as seductive as Taxation no Tyranny. The pamphlet is a little inconclusive. In the writer's view Canadians live under a despotism, and the patronage vested in the Premier is a danger to individual freedom. To advocate annexation to the United States is, however, a curious remedy, for there, if anywhere, the power of patronage thrives apace.

The Parental Don't (Walter Scott) is a guide to parents, full of suggestions that may be useful, but are occasionally superfluous—except to folk who were plainly designed for celibacy.

Among our new editions are Anthony Trollope's *Barchester Towers* and *The Warden* (Longmans & Co.) in shilling volumes, excellent in type and neatly bound; Mr. John Morley's *Diderot and the Encyclopédistes* (Macmillan & Co.) in two volumes; Mr. Ernest Dow's translation of Von Hartmann's *Religion of the Future* (Stewart & Co.), and Mr. Alfred Chapman's *Income-tax: how to get it Refunded* (Effingham Wilson), a collection of useful hints to householders.

We have received *The Statesman's Year Book* for 1886 (Macmillan & Co.), which includes some valuable additional statistics; *The City of London Directory* for 1886 (W. H. & L.

Collingridge); Bosworth's *Clerical Guide* for 1886 (T. Bosworth & Co.); the Rev. Fr. Lawrence McCarthy's *Key to Todhunter's Mensuration for Beginners* (Macmillan & Co.); *How to Play the Fiddle*, by Messrs. H. W. & G. Grosswell (Field & Tuer); *Lewis's Pocket Medical Vocabulary* (H. K. Lewis); *A Tour Around the World*, by George E. Raum (New York: Gottsberger); *The Solo-Singer's Vade-mecum*, by Sinclair Dunn (Curwen & Sons); and *The Star of Empire*, by Captain Mayne Reid (J. & R. Maxwell).

The three first numbers are before us of the *Prior Park Magazine*, which, if it does not differ greatly from the average of school magazines, makes a praiseworthy "attempt at literary self-culture" in a leading Roman Catholic college, under the episcopal rule of Bishop Clifford, the most outspoken and thoroughly English, as well as one of the most accomplished members of the Roman hierarchy in this country. We turned with interest to a sympathetic notice in the third number of the late Archbishop Errington, who passed his closing years at Prior Park; a man who under a somewhat rough and eccentric bearing concealed a genial nature and keen and active intelligence. The account of his Confirmation of *bambini* during his Sicilian tour is very amusing, and to Protestant readers will be rather amazing also. The editor wisely announces his desire to avail himself of the services of "old boys" as well as of those actually in the school.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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NEW ATHENÆUM CLUB, 26 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, S.W. Established 1879. The Committee of Members have decided to admit ONE HUNDRED ADDITIONAL MEMBERS without entrance fee. Annual Subscription—Towns, Members, 24 4s.; Country Members, 22 2s. Application to be made to the SECRETARY.

BY ORDER.

ISLE of WIGHT COLLEGE, Limited, near Ryde. Visitor—The Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP of WINCHESTER.

President—The Right Hon. LORD ROLLO.

Chairman of Council—The Right Rev. BISHOP McDougall (Archdeacon of the Isle of Wight).

Vice-Chairman—Lieut.-General Sir HENRY DALY, K.C.B., C.I.E.

Head-Master—Rev. F. D. TEESDALE, M.A., New College, Oxford.

Eight Assistant-Masters, Classical and Modern Departments. Army and Navy Classes. Boarders are received by the Head-Master, and by three Assistant-Masters, including the French Master (in whose hands French is exclusively spoken). Special arrangements for boys' Tennis, Cricket, Football, and other sports, and for all the advantages of a Southern climate. Private Chapel, Gymnasium, Billiard and Fifteen Courts; Sea Bathing and Boating. For prospectuses apply to the Rev. the HEAD-MASTER, to the Hon. Secretary, W. HAMMOND RIDDETT, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

BRIGHTON COLLEGE. Head-Master—Rev. T. HAYES BELCHER, M.A., Oxford. Vice-Principal—Rev. J. NEWTON, M.A., Cambridge.

BOARDERS are received by the Head-Master, C. G. Allum, Esq., M.A., and the Rev. C. H. Griffith, M.A. The College has a Junior Department and a House for Boys under Thirteen, in charge of D. C. Wickham, Esq., M.A. New Buildings, including Boarding-houses, upon the most improved principles, are being added.

The NEXT TERM will COMMENCE on Saturday, May 5.

F. W. MADDEN, M.R.A.S., Secretary.

CLIFTON COLLEGE CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, and NATURAL SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS.—Nine or more open to Competition at Midsummer, 1886, value from £25 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £50 a year in cases of scholars who require it. Further particulars from the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY, The College, Clifton, Bristol.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—There will be an ELECTION to not less than TEN SCHOLARSHIPS in May, of value ranging between £50 and £100. Half will be awarded for Classics and half for Mathematics. Full particulars as to age of Competitors, Subjects of Examination, &c., may be had on application to the SECRETARY, The College, Cheltenham.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—SIX SCHOLARSHIPS in June 1886. Four of £50, one of £25, one of £20, tenable for four years. Candidates to be under Fourteen on January 1, 1886. For further particulars, apply to the Rev. the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

ROYAL INDIAN ENGINEERING COLLEGE, COOPERS HILL, STAUNES. The course of study is arranged to fit an ENGINEER for employment in Europe, India, or the Colonies. FIFTEEN SCHOLARSHIPS will be admitted in September 1886. For competition the Secretary of State will offer Fifteen Appointments in the Indian Public Works Department, and Two in the Indian Telegraph Department. For particulars, apply to the SECRETARY, at the College.

DOVER COLLEGE. Head-Master—Rev. W. BELL, M.A. A High-class Public School, on moderate terms. Latest successes are Three Open Scholarships at Cambridge, all (4) candidates passed into Sandhurst in 1885. Entrances to Indian Civil Service, and Woolwich, Junior School. Excellent Music, Chapel, Library, Lecture, Workshop, Seating-hall. Each boy has a separate bedroom. SIX SCHOLARSHIPS tenable in the school will be offered in July. Boarders are taken by the Head-Master, by C. E. Sparke, M.A., and the Rev. F. B. Walters, M.A. Apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

GUY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

The SUMMER SESSION commences on Saturday, May 1. The Hospital contains, besides the beds for Medical and Surgical cases, Wards for Obstetric, Ophthalmic, and other special departments.

Special Classes are held in the Hospital for Students preparing for the Examination of the University of London and other examining Boards.

Appointments.—The Hospital Sessions and the Physicians, the Obstetric Residents, Clinical Assistants, and others, are selected from the Students, according to merit, and without payment. There are also a large number of Junior Appointments, every part of the Hospital Practice being systematically employed for instruction.

Entrance Scholarships.—Open Scholarship, of 125 Guineas, in Classics, Mathematics, and Modern Languages. Open Scholarship, of 125 Guineas, in Chemistry, Physics, Botany, and Zoology.

Students entering in May are eligible for the Open Scholarships compete for in September.

Seventeen Scholarships, Prizes, and Medals, varying from £25 to £10 each, are open for competition to all the students.

The Hospital is in close proximity to the Metropolitan, District, South Eastern, Brighton, Chatham, North London, and Great Eastern Railway systems.

For Prospects apply to the Dean, Dr. F. TAYLOR, Guy's Hospital, London, S.E.

March 1886.

GUY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS.—A Scholarship of the value of 125 Guineas will be offered for Open Competition on Monday, September 27. Subjects of examination: Classics, Mathematics, and Modern Languages. A Second Scholarship, of the value of 125 Guineas, will be offered for Open Competition on the same day. Subjects of examination: Inorganic Chemistry, Physics, Botany, and Zoology.

For further particulars apply to the DEAN, Guy's Hospital, S.E.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE SCHOOL, OXFORD.

Master.—The Rev. IL C. OGLE, Fellow and late Tutor of Magdalen College; Ireland and Craven Scholar.

The SECOND TERM, 1886, will begin on Tuesday, May 4. New Boys will be received on the previous day by appointment. This term is particularly suitable for the entrance of young boys.

The work of every boy is under the direct supervision of the Master, particular attention is given to young boys, and there is special preparation for scholarship and other examinations.

Among the successes gained in the fourteen months, December 1884—January 1886 are: One open Classical Scholarship, one open Mathematical Scholarship, First Class in Final Mathematical School, First Class in Final School of Natural Science, First Class in Mathematical Moderations, Third Second Classes in Classical Moderations, besides minor distinctions.

Terms in the School-house for Board, Tuition in the ordinary subjects, and school subscription, Sixty-and-a-half Guineas per annum.

For information relative to Scholarships, Exhibitions, and terms for day scholars, apply to the Rev. the MASTER.

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,

Caxton Street, S.W. The SUMMER SESSION COMMENCES May 1. A SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIP, value £40, is offered for Competition. The Examination will be in Chemistry (organic and inorganic) and Physics, and will be held on May 1. In September ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £50 and £40, will be offered for competition. Students entering in the Summer (except those who have already obtained a scholarship) are allowed to compete for the Entrance Scholarships in the following Schools:

Fees—£50 in one sum on entrance, £50 Guineas in two payments, or £15 in five payments. No extras except fees for Dissection and class of Experimental Physics.

For prospects and particulars, apply to

F. DE HAVILLAND HALL, M.D., Dean.

FELSTED SCHOOL, ESSEX.—ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS. Two of £50 per annum, entitling to Free Board and Tuition. Four of £20 entitling to Board and Tuition for £30 per annum. Examination April 30 and May 1. For conditions and places of examination apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

ROSSALL SCHOOL.—TWELVE ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS. Classical and Mathematical, will be competed for April 1. Value from 70 Guineas to £5. Juniors must be under fourteen; seniors under fifteen and sixteen, on Lady Day. Candidates examined at Oxford or Rossall, as preferred.—Apply to Rev. the HEAD-MASTER, Rossall School, Fleetwood.

ROYAL ALBERT ASYLUM, LANCASTER, for IDIOTIC, IMBECILE, and WEAK-MINDED YOUNG PERSONS of both sexes. Under the Patronage of His Majesty the Queen, Chairman of the Central Committee, the Right Hon. Lord Wimborne. Accommodation for about forty Pupils. Pupils received from all parts of the country; Free Pupils from the Seven Northern Counties. The Institution has an estate of 160 acres in a charming and salubrious situation near the sea, and is provided with schools, workshop, farm, garden, and garden. Medical Superintendent, G. J. SHAW, B.M.A., Resident Medical Officer, H. G. Taylor, M.D. BRIGHTON HOUSE, with extensive grounds, is a detached BOARDING HOUSE for Special Private Pupils at the Royal Albert Asylum.

Terms, and pamphlets descriptive of the work of the Institution, may be had from

JAMES DIGGENS, Secretary.

SOUTH KENSINGTON.—1 Trebovir Road, S.W. ADVANCED CLASSES for GIRLS and ELEMENTARY CLASSES for YOUNG CHILDREN, under the direction of Mrs. W. H. COLE. A separate house adjoining for Resident Pupils. The next TERM COMMENCES May 4.

BONN AM RHEIN.—ENGLISH CHAPLAIN offers YOUNG MEN special facilities for learning GERMAN, also FRENCH and MATHEMATICS. Resident German Master.

KARLSRUHE, BADEN.—ENGLISH CHAPLAIN takes PUPILS. Home and Foreign Education combined. Terms moderate; good references; individual teaching.—Address, Rev. J. B. HARDING, Garten-strasse, Karlsruhe, L.H.

HEAD-MASTER.—THE COURT of Governors of MILL HILL SCHOOL are about to appoint a HEAD-MASTER to enter on his duties at Michaelmas, 1886. Salary by capitalism; minimum, £600 with residence.—For particulars, address, on or before April 20, to the Secretary, J. UPTON DAVIS, B.A., Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

A SUPERIOR DRAWING MASTER WANTED in Philadelphia. See London "Journal of Education" for April.

REQUIRED, in or near London, TEMPORARY ACCOMMODATION, during rebuilding, for a BOARDING SCHOOL of 100 Boys. Suitable premises would be rented for two or three years.—Full particulars and terms to be sent to the CLERK to the Drapers' Company, Drapers' Hall, Throgmorton Street, London.

TYPE-WRITTEN COPIES of Authors' MSS., SERMONS, Lectures, &c., to facilitate correction before sending to press.—Apply to K. HAIR, Type-Writer Copyist, 47 Pyland Road, N. Canonbury, London.

FURNISH on NORMAN & STACEY'S HIRE PURCHASE SYSTEM. No Registration. Economical and strictly private, without formalities.—One, Two, or Three Years. Sixty genuine wholesale firms. Goods delivered free. The best system. Offices: 79 Queen Victoria Street, E.C. Branches at 10 Pall Mall, S.W., and 9 Liverpool Street, E.C.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.—Sold by all Stationers throughout the World.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. THREE PER CENT. INTEREST on DEPOSITS repayable on demand. TWO PER CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS when not drawn below £100. The Bank undertakes, free of charge, the Custody of Securities and Valuables; the Collection of Bills of Exchange, Dividends, and Coupons; and the purchase and sale of Stocks, Shares, and Annuities. Letters of Credit and Circular Notes issued. THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free on application.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

TIME, LABOUR, and MONEY may be saved by sending all announcements for Newspapers, Magazines, &c., through HART'S ADVERTISING OFFICES. By a single order an Advertisement can be inserted in any number of Papers, Religious and General. The Advertising thus saves immense time and labour, and receives only ONE Advertising Account instead of one from each paper.

ANNOUNCEMENTS of Schools, Colleges, Societies, Memorial and other Public Funds inserted (at Publishers' rates) in the Saturday Review, Guardian, Church Times, Record, Times, Standard, Morning Post, Spectator, Atheneum, or any other paper in the world.

HART'S ADVERTISING OFFICES,

33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

[April 3, 1886.]

LIFE ASSURANCES, &c.
CLERGY MUTUAL
ASSURANCE SOCIETY.
ESTABLISHED A.D. 1829.

OPEN TO THE CLERGY AND THEIR LAY RELATIVES.

Patrons.

His Grace the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY.

His Grace the ARCHBISHOP of YORK.

President—The Right Hon. and Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP of LONDON.

Chairman—The Very Rev. the DEAN of WESTMINSTER.

Deputy Chairman—ROBERT FEW, Esq.

Physician—Dr. STONE.

Actuary—FRANK B. WYATT, Esq.

FINANCIAL INFORMATION, JUNE 1, 1885:

Total Funds	£3,272,576
Total Annual Income	£354,686
Total Amount of Claims upon Death	£2,524,560
Amount of Profits divided at the last Quinquennial Bonus ...	£437,847

NO AGENTS EMPLOYED AND NO COMMISSION PAID.

Attention is particularly requested to the following points respecting this Society, as being of special importance to Clergymen and their Lay relatives desiring to assure their lives:—

1.—THE SECURITY.

The Funds of the Society now amount to upwards of THREE MILLIONS AND A QUARTER, yielding an average rate of interest of £4:1:2 per cent. The income of the Society is upwards of THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS.

2.—MORTALITY.

The superior longevity of the Clergy as a class is still manifest; the claims by death during the past year having again been considerably less than might have been expected under the Carlisle Table of Mortality, upon which the Society's Rates of Premium are based.

3.—BONUSES.

This Society being purely MUTUAL, has no Proprietors, and consequently all the Profits are divided amongst the Assured Members. The ELEVENTH QUINQUENNIAL BONUS will be declared on June 1, 1886, when results equally favourable with those of past Quinquenniums may confidently be anticipated.

4.—MANAGEMENT.

The Society neither employs Agents nor allows Commission for the introduction of new business. The Expenses of Management for the past year were only £4:4:1 per cent. on the total income.

MATTHEW HODGSON, Secretary.

Copies of the fifty-sixth Annual Report and revised Prospectus, Forms of Proposals, &c., may be had on application to the Office, 1 and 2, THE SANCTUARY, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

GUARDIAN FIRE and LIFE OFFICE.

HEAD OFFICE—11 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

LAW COURTS BRANCH—21 FLEET STREET, E.C.

Established 1821. Subscribed Capital, Two Millions.

Directors.

Chairman—ALBAN G. H. GIBBS, Esq.

Deputy-Chairman—BEAUMONT W. LUBBOCK, Esq.

Rowland Nevitt Bennett, Esq.

Henry Bonham-Carter, Esq.

Charles D. Buxton, Esq.

James Goodson, Esq.

John J. Hamilton, Esq.

Thomson Hankey, Esq.

Richard M. Harvey, Esq.

Right Hon. J. G. Hubbard, M.P.

John Hunter, Esq.

Manager of Fire Department—F. J. MARSDEN.

Actuary and Secretary—T. G. C. BROWNE.

Share Capital at present paid up and invested

£1,000,000

Total Funds upwards of

£3,900,000

Total Annual Income over

£750,000

N.B.—Fire Policies which expire at Lady Day should be renewed at the Head Office, or with the Agents, on or before April 9.

PHOENIX FIRE OFFICE.

LOMBARD STREET and CHARING CROSS, LONDON.—Established 1783.

Insurances against Loss by Fire and Lightning effected in all parts of the World.

Loss claims arranged with promptitude and liberality.

WILLIAM C. MACDONALD, Joint Secretary.

FRANCIS B. MACDONALD, Joint Secretary.

ESTABLISHED 1821.

NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

ESTABLISHED 1825.

FOR MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.

ACCUMULATED FUND £4,190,000. CLAIMS PAID £6,500,000.

PROFITS DECLARED, £2,400,000.

Immediate Payment of Claims.

Economic Management, Liberal Conditions, Large Bonuses.

6 GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON.

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1836.

LONDON—1 MOORGATE STREET, E.C.; 1 ABERDEEN—1 UNION TERRACE.

INCORPORATED AND FUNDS (1844).

Fire Premiums £273,000

Life Premiums 384,000

Interest 128,000

Accumulated Funds £2,998,000

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1863.—1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C.; and 22 PALL MALL, S.W.

Subsidiary Capital, £1,300,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,500,000.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

COALS.—PHILLIPS & CO.'S direct supply. The largest country truck trade in the kingdom. Every kind of COAL sent to every station in England and Wales in truck-loads of not less than Four tons, except London and Middlesex. Quotations either free at station or including delivery into consumer's cellar. PHILLIPS & CO., Coal Factors, for 35 years at 25 Coal Exchange, London, E.C.

NEW ZEALAND.—FURTHER CONVERSIONS of the PUBLIC DEBT.—The Governor and Company of the Bank of England give notice that New Zealand Government Agents appointed by the Governor of the Bank of England under the New Zealand Consolidated Stock Act, 1877, and Amendment Act, 1881, and the Consolidated Stock Act, 1884 (Sir Francis Dillon Bell, K.C.M.G., and Sir Penrose Goodchild, K.C.M.G., C.B.), they are authorized to invite holders of the Debentures of the under-mentioned Loans to bring in their DEBENTURES for CONVERSION on the following terms:—

FIVE PER CENTS. OF THE LOAN OF 1861, REDEEMABLE 1914.

For every £100 in Debentures of this Loan surrendered with the coupon for the half-year, interest due July 15 next attached, a new Debenture for the same amount, bearing interest payable on January 15 and July 15 each year, will be issued, when it will be converted into £110 of 4 per cent. Inscriv Stock; or at the option of the holder, he may receive £112 10s. of 4 per cent. Inscriv Stock, bearing interest from May 1, 1886, and inscribable on or after April 2.

Scrip Certificates, with coupon attached for the interest at 5 per cent. from March 1 to April 30 (payable May 1), will be issued in exchange for the Debentures.

FIVE PER CENT. TEN-FORTIES OF THE LOANS OF 1876 AND 1877, REDEEMABLE AFTER 1898.

For every £100 in Debentures of these Loans, from which the coupon due March 1 must be first detached, £105 of 5 per cent. Inscriv Stock, bearing interest from May 1, 1886, and inscribable on or after April 1.

Scrip Certificates, with coupon attached for the interest at 5 per cent. from March 1 to April 30 (payable May 1), will be issued in exchange for the Debentures.

FIVE PER CENTS. OF THE LOAN OF 1878, REDEEMABLE 1898.

For every £100 in Debentures of this Loan, from which the coupon due May 1 next must be first detached, £105 of 5 per cent. Inscriv Stock, bearing interest from May 1, 1886, and inscribable on or after April 2.

Scrip Certificates, with coupon attached for the interest at 5 per cent. from January 1 to April 30 (payable May 1), will be issued in exchange for the Debentures.

SIX PER CENTS. OF THE LOAN OF 1880, REDEEMABLE 1901.

For every £100 in Debentures of this Loan, from which the coupon for the half-year's interest due May 1 next must be first detached, £105 of 6 per cent. Inscriv Stock, bearing interest from May 1, 1886, and inscribable on or after April 2.

For every £100 in Debentures surrendered with the coupon for the half-year's interest due June 15 next attached, £109 of 4 per cent. Inscriv Stock, bearing interest from May 1, 1886, and inscribable on or after April 2.

Scrip Certificates, with coupon attached for the interest at 6 per cent. from January 1 to April 30 (payable May 1), will be issued in exchange for the Debentures.

SIX PER CENTS. OF THE LOAN OF 1883, REDEEMABLE 1901.

For every £100 in Debentures of this Loan, from which the coupon for the half-year's interest due May 1 next must be first detached, £105 of 6 per cent. Inscriv Stock, bearing interest from May 1, 1886, and inscribable on or after April 2.

For every £100 in Debentures surrendered with the coupon for the half-year's interest due June 15 next attached, £109 of 4 per cent. Inscriv Stock, bearing interest from May 1, 1886, and inscribable on or after April 2.

Scrip Certificates, with coupon attached for the interest at 6 per cent. from January 1 to April 30 (payable May 1), will be issued in exchange for the Debentures.

SIX PER CENTS. OF THE LOAN OF 1886, REDEEMABLE 1901.

For every £100 in Debentures of this Loan, from which the coupon for the half-year's interest due May 1 next must be first detached, £105 of 6 per cent. Inscriv Stock, bearing interest from May 1, 1886, and inscribable on or after April 2.

For every £100 in Debentures surrendered with the coupon for the half-year's interest due June 15 next attached, £109 of 4 per cent. Inscriv Stock, bearing interest from May 1, 1886, and inscribable on or after April 2.

Scrip Certificates, with coupon attached for the interest at 6 per cent. from January 1 to April 30 (payable May 1), will be issued in exchange for the Debentures.

All Debentures surrendered for conversion must be deposited not later than Friday April 30, 1886, at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England, where the necessary forms may be obtained, and must be left three clear days for examination before Scrip Certificates can be issued.

By the Act 40 & 41 Vict., ch. 59, the revenues of the Colony of New Zealand alone will be liable in respect of the Stock and the dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom, and the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury will not be directly or indirectly liable or responsible for the payment of the Stock or of the dividends thereon, or for any matter relating thereto.

Bank of England, February 8, 1886.

HENRY BLAKE,
Principal Clerk.

FREELAND GROUND RENT, CITY of LONDON.—The COMMISSIONERS OF SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, April 6, 1886, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the Purchase of the Various Freelands Ground Rent of £763 on the premises Nos. 29, 31, and 33, and Green Lane, and Reversion of the said premises.

Particulars and Plans may be had at this office, together with the Conditions of Sale.

Tenders must be sealed, endorsed outside "Tender for Freelands Ground Rent, Wood Street," and be addressed to the undersigned at this office, and must be delivered before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty.

The Commissioners will not bind themselves to accept the highest or any tender.

Parties making proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at the above-mentioned day, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, and the parties who offer are accepted to be bound by the conditions of sale.

Proposers must be endorsed on the outside "Tender for Ground, Long Lane," and be delivered in, addressed to the undersigned, before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty.

Sewers' Office, Guildhall :

March 26, 1886.

HENRY BLAKE,
Principal Clerk.

FREELAND BUILDING GROUND, CITY of LONDON.—The COMMISSIONERS OF SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, April 4, 1886, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive Proposals for taking Building Leases, for a term of 99 years, several Plots of very valuable Freelands Ground, situate in Long Lane, close to the Central Meat Market, Smithfield.

For Particulars, with conditions and printed forms of proposal, may be had on application at this office, where a plan of the ground may also be seen.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any proposal.

Parties making proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, on the above-mentioned day, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, and the parties tendering must be accepted to be bound by the conditions of sale.

Proposers must be endorsed on the outside "Tender for Ground, Long Lane," and be delivered in, addressed to the undersigned, before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty.

Sewers' Office, Guildhall :

March 26, 1886.

HENRY BLAKE,
Principal Clerk.

FREELAND GROUND, CITY of LONDON, close to the Bank of England and Stock Exchange.—The COMMISSIONERS OF SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, April 4, 1886, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the purchase of a very valuable Plot of Freelands Ground, having a frontage of 42 feet to Old Broad Street, as per Plan and Particulars, to be obtained at the Office of the Engineer to the Commissioners in the Guildhall.

Tenders must be sealed, endorsed outside "Tender for Ground, Old Broad Street," and be delivered in, addressed to the undersigned at this office, and must be delivered before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any tender.

Parties sending in proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at Half-past Twelve o'clock on the said day, and be then prepared (if their tender be accepted) to pay the required deposit of 10 per cent. on the purchase-money and to execute an agreement for the completion of the purchase agreeably to the conditions of sale.

Sewers' Office, Guildhall :

March 26, 1886.

HENRY BLAKE,
Principal Clerk.

ENGINEERS' WORK.—The COMMISSIONERS OF SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, April 6, 1886, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the performance of such Engineers' work as may be required by the Commissioners for a period of Three Years from Midsummer Day next, upon the terms contained in a Specification, which may be seen and copied at this office.

Forms of Tender may also be had.

Security will be required for the due performance of the Contract.

Tenders must be endorsed on the outside "Tender for Engineers' Work," and be delivered at this office before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty, and parties tendering must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, on that day.

The Commissioners do not pledge themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

Sewers' Office, Guildhall :

March 26, 1886.

HENRY BLAKE,
Principal Clerk.

TO PAINTERS, PLUMBERS, and Others.—The COMMISSIONERS OF SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, April 6, 1886, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the performance of such Painters' and Plumbers' Works as may be required by the Commissioners for a period of Three Years from Midsummer Day next, upon the terms contained in a Specification, which may be seen and copied at this office.

Forms of Tender may also be had.

Security will be required for the due performance of the contract.

Tenders must be endorsed on the outside "Tender for Painters' and Plumbers' Works," and be delivered at this office before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty, and parties tendering must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely on that day.

The Commissioners do not pledge themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

Sewers' Office, Guildhall :

March 26, 1886.

HENRY BLAKE,
Principal Clerk.

TO CARPENTERS and Others.—The COMMISSIONERS OF SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, April 6, 1886, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the performance of such Carpenters' work as may be required by the Commissioners for a period of Three Years from Midsummer Day next, upon the terms contained in a Specification, which may be seen and copied at this office.

Security will be required for the due performance of the contract.

Tenders must be endorsed on the outside "Tender for Carpenters' Work," and be delivered at this office before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty, and parties tendering must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely on that day.

The Commissioners do not pledge themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

Sewers' Office, Guildhall :

March 26, 1886.

HENRY BLAKE,
Principal Clerk.

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